

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## LOVES ME? LOVES ME NOT?

I shall rest no more on the fragrant  
mosses  
Under great trees where the green  
bough tosses  
Scents of the lime; and the wild rose  
flinging  
Sweets to the breeze with their censer  
swinging,  
I shall count no more, as I linger lazy  
Deep in the mead, from the pink-tipped  
daisy,

"Who loves me well, and who loves me  
lonely?  
Who loves me not, and who loves me  
only?"

I shall walk no more by the great sea  
dreaming  
Secret dreams, with the black gull  
screaming,  
Child of the cliff and the wan wave  
falling,  
Songless he cries with no bird-like  
calling.

I shall seek no more for the sea shell's  
story  
By the wet sands in the sunset glory,  
Hear the sea call from the spiral hollow,  
"Soul who is seeking, dare you not  
follow?"

Whom have I loved, and who loved  
me only?

I shall stand in the churchyard lonely,  
And see the tombs of the dear departed,  
Read of the love of the broken-hearted  
Writ on the stones how they loved  
them only,

Who loved them well and who left  
them lonely?

Yea! I shall see all the cold white faces  
Lying so still in their secret places.

Under the earth goes the last new-  
comer,

What were the life of her, winter-  
summer!

What if her silent grave holds one only  
Who loved her well, and who left her  
lonely?

*Dora Sigerson Shorter.*

*The Westminster Gazette.*

## THERE USED TO BE—

There used to be fairies in Germany—  
I know, for I've seen them there  
In a great cool wood where the tall  
trees stood

With their heads high up in the air;  
They scrambled about in the forest  
And nobody seemed to mind;  
They were dear little things (tho' they  
didn't have wings)  
And they smiled and their eyes were  
kind.

What, and oh what were they doing  
To let things happen like this?  
How could it be? And didn't they see  
That folk were going amiss?  
Were they too busy playing,  
Or can they perhaps have slept,  
That never they heard an ominous  
word  
That stealthily crept and crept?

There used to be fairies in Germany—  
The children will look for them still;  
They will search all about till the sun-  
light slips out  
And the trees stand frowning and  
chill.

"The flowers," they will say, "have all  
vanished,

And where can the fairies be fled  
That played in the fern?"—The flow-  
ers will return,  
But I fear that the fairies are dead.  
Punch.

## HEARKEN!

I hear thee laugh i' the mavis's sang,  
An' the lilt o' thy laughter over the  
sea;  
The peewees cry i' the mirk forlorn,  
An' the cushie doos are croodlin' for  
thee.

Hearken! doon by the reedy loch  
Was it a voice that passed?  
Mebbe it's nocht but wind i' the  
gloamin'  
Soughin' awa' to the Wast.

*M. K. T.*

*The New Witness.*

## NO ANNEXATIONS AND NO INDEMNITIES?

The spokesmen of Russian democracy have passionately denounced Imperialism and conquests as a policy unworthy of free men. They have declared themselves in favor of a high-minded and thoroughly democratic policy. They have summed up their peace program in the brief phrase: "No Annexations and No Indemnities," and they have proclaimed to the world that they will not allow the Allies to drag them into a policy of conquest and spoliation. The demands of the Russian Socialists have been taken up with enthusiasm by a number of the more advanced Socialists of Western Europe, by men who have hitherto done their utmost to impede the war. Many Socialists in Russia and in the West, especially those of the more advanced kind, are sceptics, free-thinkers, rationalists, materialists, positivists, agnostics, or even declared atheists. Nevertheless, these men who have hitherto distinguished themselves by their irreligious and anti-religious views have in many cases gone so far as to demand a settlement without annexation and without indemnities on religious grounds, on grounds of Christian morality. Their claims have been strongly supported by many deeply religious men, clergymen and others, who consider the problem of peace as if it were not a problem of practical statesmanship, but merely one of theology and sentiment. One should not under-estimate the strength of the strange alliance between Socialists and men of religion. The demand for a settlement without annexations and indemnities on religious grounds has become so loud and so insistent, especially in Russia, that it will be well to treat it with the greatest seriousness. This has been done in the following pages, which are addressed in par-

ticular to these two classes of men in Western Europe and in Russia.

The question whether Germany and her allies, if defeated, should be compelled, or should not be compelled, to compensate the nations which they have wantonly attacked and barbarously ill-treated may be considered either from the point of view of expediency and policy, or from that of morality. The advocates of a peace without annexations and without indemnities rely, as a rule, on the moral argument. They appeal to sentiment, to idealism. Let us then consider the question of compensation in territory or in money, or in both, first from the moral and then from the practical point of view.

European morality is based partly upon the teachings of the Bible, partly upon the feelings innate in men. Christian morality is largely Jewish morality. Christian ethics are based upon the Jewish doctrines. The Old and the New Testaments combined form an indissoluble whole. If we wish to understand fully the Christian idea of morality we must trace it to its Jewish source. The distinguishing characteristic of Judaism is that it strove to replace a system of unrestricted might by a system of law and order based upon morality. The code of the Old Testament demands that punishment should not be meted out arbitrarily, but in accordance with justice and fairness. The Deity represents morality, rewards the just, and chastises the evil-doers. The judge, like the priest, is at the same time the protector of society and the representative of God.

Careful study of the Old Testament will reveal the fact that the Hebrews punished deliberate murder always with death, while involuntary or acci-

dental murder was punished merely with banishment. Cities of refuge were appointed where men who had committed manslaughter could find safety from their pursuers, while men who had committed murder had to be delivered up from sanctuary. A murderer could not redeem his life by money. He was dragged away even from the altar if he had taken refuge there.

The main principle of Old Testament law was not forgiveness, but retaliation in accordance with the dictates of justice. In Genesis, Chapter IX, we read: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Chapter XXI of Exodus states the case for retaliation in greater detail. We read in it:—

He that smiteth a man, so that he die, shall be surely put to death. . . . And if men strive together, and one smite another with a stone, or with his fist, and he die not, but keepeth his bed: If he rise again, and walk abroad upon his staff, then shall he that smote him be quit: only he shall pay for the loss of his time, and shall cause him to be thoroughly healed. . . . And if any mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe. . . . If an ox gore a man or a woman that they die; then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.

Chapter XXIV of Leviticus states:—

And he that killeth any man shall surely be put to death. And he that killeth a beast shall make it good; beast for beast. And if a man cause a

blemish in his neighbor; as he hath done, so shall it be done to him; breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth; as he hath caused a blemish in a man, so shall it be done to him again. And he that killeth a beast, he shall restore it; and he that killeth a man, he shall be put to death.

Chapter XIX of Deuteronomy states with regard to the cities of refuge where men who had killed involuntarily or accidentally could find shelter:—

But if any man hate his neighbor, and lie in wait for him, and rise up against him, and smite him mortally that he dies, and fleeth into one of these cities; then the elders of his city shall send and fetch him thence, and deliver him into the hand of the avenger of blood, that he may die. Thine eye shall not pity him, but thou shalt put away the guilt of innocent blood from Israel, that it may go well with thee.

Thou shalt not remove thy neighbors' landmark, which they of old time have set in thine inheritance, which thou shalt inherit in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee to possess it.

One witness shall not rise up against a man for any iniquity, or for any sin, in any sin that he sinneth: at the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established. If a false witness rise up against any man to testify against him that which is wrong; then both the men, between whom the controversy is, shall stand before the Lord, before the priests and judges, which shall be in those days; and the judges shall make diligent inquisition; and, behold, if the witness be a false witness, and had testified falsely against his brother; then shall ye do unto him, as he had thought to have done unto his brother; so shalt thou put the evil away from among you. And those which remain shall hear, and fear, and shall henceforth commit no more any such evil



among you. And thine eye shall not pity; but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.

Chapter XXXV of Numbers enjoins:—

Whoso killeth any person, the murderer shall be put to death by the mouth of witnesses; but one witness shall not testify against any person to cause him to die. Moreover ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, which is guilty of death; but he shall be surely put to death.

Chapter XXII of Exodus lays down:—

If a man shall steal an ox, or a sheep, and kill it, or sell it, he shall restore five oxen for an ox, and four sheep for a sheep.

The extracts from the Old Testament given show clearly that the ancient Jews in dealing with crime were animated by the principles which prevail today. The Old Testament enjoins that criminals should be punished according to their deserts, severely, but not barbarously. They should not be treated revengefully and arbitrarily, but they should suffer as nearly as possible as much as their victims. Justice was, as a rule, to be done by an equality of suffering. At the same time punishments were to act as a deterrent, and were shaped to some extent in accordance with social requirements. It will be noticed that theft of a sheep, which until recently was punished with hanging in England, was expiated by a fine of four sheep while theft of cattle led to a fivefold fine. The more severe punishment for cattle-stealing was no doubt due to the fact that cattle were more necessary than sheep because of their milk.

The Old Testament enjoins as a religious duty that crime should be adequately, but not barbarously, punished, and that, as in modern juris-

prudence, every care should be taken to prevent a miscarriage of justice. That may be seen from the strictness and caution demanded with regard to witnesses. The spirit of Old Testament law is particularly apparent from the way in which a strictly impartial administration of justice was demanded as a high religious duty. We read in Chapter XXIII of Exodus:—

Thou shalt not wrest the judgment of thy poor in his cause. Keep thee far from a false matter; and the innocent and righteous slay thou not; for I will not justify the wicked. And thou shalt take no gift; for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous. Also thou shalt not oppress a stranger.

In Chapter XIX of Leviticus it is enjoined:—

Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment: thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty; but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor.

In Chapters I and XVI of Deuteronomy we read:—

Hear the causes between your brethren and judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him. Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall fear the small as well as the great; ye shall not be afraid of the face of man; for the judgment is God's. . . .

Judges and officers shalt thou make thee in all thy gates, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, throughout thy tribes; and they shall judge the people with just judgment. Thou shalt not wrest judgment, thou shalt not respect persons, neither take a gift: for a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise and pervert the words of the righteous. That which is altogether just shalt thou follow, that thou mayest live, and inherit the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

The quotations given make it obvious that both in punishing crime and investigating it modern methods and Old Testament methods are practically identical. The spirit of Hebrew jurisprudence was obviously extremely modern.

It may be argued that the strict punishment of crime, though in accordance with Old Testament law, is not in accordance with the spirit of Christianity which teaches love and forgiveness. At first sight that contention would seem to be correct. We read in Chapter V of St. Matthew:—

Ye hath heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also.

In Chapter VI of St. Luke we read:—

Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.

Apparently the law of Christ annuls the law of Moses. That view is widely held, but is scarcely correct, for the Christian doctrine that one should love and forgive one's enemies is to be found in the Old Testament as well. In Chapter XIX of Leviticus it is stated:—

Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him. Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: I am the Lord.

In Chapters XXIV and XXV of Proverbs it is stated:—

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth. Lest the Lord see it, and it displease him, and he turn away his wrath from him. . . .

Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me: I will render to the man according to his work. . . .

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.

Chapter XXIII of Exodus enjoins:—

If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him.

The gospel of love and forgiveness, the very words "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," are to be found in the Old Testament, whence Christ drew His inspiration. However, we find the contradictory principles of retaliation and forgiveness not only in the Old Testament, but in the New Testament as well. Chapter XIII of the Revelation of St. John tells us:—

He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity; he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.

Christ Himself has told us in Chapter X of St. Matthew: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword." And in Chapter XXV of St. Matthew we read: "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

We find both in the Old and in the New Testaments two distinct and apparently irreconcilable doctrines: the doctrine of strict punishment and the doctrine of love and forgiveness. We

find both in the Old and in the New Testaments the same conflict regarding crime and the criminal which may be found in every human heart. When faced with crime our first impulse bids us punish the criminal in accordance with his deserts, while another impulse causes us to find excuses for his deed and engenders in us the wish to treat him kindly and lovingly. We feel that we have a duty towards society and feel at the same time that we have a duty towards the criminal who may be a frail and erring human. Thus there is in men a conflict of love and duty, of sentiment and wisdom, of the ideal and the practicable. Apparently the demands of the Old and of the New Testaments that we should punish the criminal according to his deeds and that we should love our neighbor as we love ourselves are contradictory. In reality they are not. One can punish a criminal with hate in one's heart, with indifference, or with love. The highest form of Christian justice consists obviously in punishing with love. Love and punishment can easily go together. A loving father will punish his child for his wrongdoing. Impunity encourages crime, while punishment inflicted in the right spirit will reform and benefit the criminal. Punishment meted out without hate is therefore by no means akin with vengeance. It is a necessary and beneficial form of correction.

Many thinkers, especially in Russia, wish to be guided entirely by the admonition of the New Testament "Resist not evil." That is the teaching of the Tolstoyans. They advocate that, if confronted with evil, men should see in it a divine visitation and remain completely passive. Of course, if we believe that man has no free will, that Providence makes the criminal, and that it is sinful to resist Providence, then we must bear not only with criminals, but also with savage animals,

vermin, weeds, etc., which likewise were made by Providence. However, as God gave us a discriminating intelligence which enables us to distinguish good from evil we ought to make use of it by suppressing the noxious and cultivating the beneficial. If we assume that there is no free will, that we should passively bear our infictions, we should have to lead the lives of martyr-saints, of Fakirs and Dervishes, and in a few decades civilization would disappear, and the world would be once more a howling wilderness.

Christ no doubt clearly recognized the conflict betwixt love and duty, justice and forgiveness, and he summed up the whole of His ethical teaching in Chapter VI of St. Luke and Chapter VII of St. Matthew, as follows:—

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. . . .

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; For this is the law and the prophets.

The conflict between considerations of justice and of humanity is as old as is civilization itself. Five hundred years before Christ the conflict between good and evil was considered simultaneously by the greatest thinkers of the East and of the West, by Pythagoras and Confucius. We read in the Confucian Analects:—

Someone said to Confucius "What do you say concerning the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness?" The master answered, "If you recompense injury with kindness how then will you recompense kindness? Recompense kindness with kindness and injury with justice."

At another time Confucius' favorite pupil Tszekung asked the master, according to the Analects:—

"Is there any one word which may serve as a rule of action for the

whole of one's life?" The master replied, "Is not Reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others."

The Old and the New Testament, Pythagoras and Confucius, desiring to combine the ideal with the practicable, agree that evil should be treated with justice mingled with kindness, that reciprocity should be the rule of life, that love and punishment may, and should, go together. Herein lies practical Christianity, not in the attitude of the Fakir, and the Dervish. That the idea of punishment is in consonance with religion and Christianity may be proved by the fact that both the Old and the New Testaments insist that there will be in a future life rewards for the good and punishment for the evil-doers. If men possessed no free will, if they had been created good or bad, if they were mere automata, there could in justice be neither divine rewards nor divine punishments.

The numerous extracts given should convince all that the contention of the advanced Socialists and of certain religious men that a policy of annexations and indemnities is irreconcilable with morality and Christianity is totally unfounded. Those who have raised that claim are either ignorant of Biblical teachings or they choose to rely for guidance, not upon the Bible as a whole nor upon the New Testament, but merely upon a single passage which they have arbitrarily picked out.

The question under what conditions peace should be concluded is rather a political and a practical one than one of abstract morality and theology. However, one cannot strictly discriminate between the practical and the ideal. Morality should influence policy and practical common sense should influence morality. We need not study the teachings of the Bible

if we desire to know whether annexations and indemnities are desirable or undesirable. We need only ask ourselves whether we should rather be tender towards the criminal or towards the victim. To ask that question is to answer it. Of course, those who are opposed to the policy of indemnification may say that the German nation was not responsible for the war, that the Emperor, not the nation, has caused it; that the German nation will regret the war when in the course of time its eyes are opened. The German nation is undoubtedly responsible for the war and its horrors. It has gone to war with the greatest enthusiasm, and the soldiers and civilians have vied with one another in deeds of barbarism. The German nation will undoubtedly regret the war—when it has been defeated. It would have rejoiced had Germany been victorious, acting like a hardened criminal who rejoices when he is successful and who regrets, but not necessarily repents, when he has been caught.

The problem of annexations and indemnities is rather a practical and political one than one of abstract morality. Let us now briefly consider it from the practical and political points of view.

Punishments have been inflicted on evil-doers since the earliest times, since the time of Moses and before, not only because punishment is a just retribution, but also because it acts as a deterrent to those who otherwise might embark upon a career of crime. The principle of punishing and thereby deterring the evil-minded or the morally weak which is considered right and necessary in civil society and in every family cannot be wrong in the society of nations. If Germany and her allies were allowed to retire from the fray unscathed, they, or other Powers, might before long likely embark upon

a criminal war similar to the present one. If we wish to prevent the outbreak of another gigantic war, if we wish to prevent another criminal assault upon civilization, we must deter nations and their rulers by punishing the nations and rulers who have brought about the present calamity. A policy of shallow sentimentalism, of Christian forgiveness, would put a premium upon wars of aggression.

If we wish to bring about a lasting peace we must punish the aggressors who have violated every law of God and man, and we can do this most fairly by compensating the nations which have suffered. Money can be converted into land and land into money. Whether compensation should be exacted in territory or in cash, or in both territory and cash, is, from the individual, but not from the national, point of view immaterial. However, democratic feeling is opposed to the transference of men from one Government to another by the mere right of conquest. Thinking men in France, England, and elsewhere have condemned such forcible change of allegiance as opposed to the spirit of Liberalism, of human freedom, and of nationality. The spokesmen of the Central Powers have asserted unceasingly that France, England, and their allies aim at the spoliation and partition of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. That assertion has been widely believed in Russia. Its untruthfulness can easily be shown. In the second half of 1916, at a time when the cause of the Allies was in the ascendant, Mr. Coleman Phillipson, the eminent authority on International Law, published a volume which was significantly entitled: *Termination of War and Treaties of Peace*. It was specially written for the purpose of assisting British statesmen at the Peace Congress. If Great Britain and her allies were bent upon

an undemocratic and tyrannical policy of conquest regardless of nationality, Mr. Phillipson would either have recommended such a policy or he would at least not have condemned it. However, we read in his volume:—

It is now universally held that forcibly to deprive a people of territory without good and sufficient cause is a violation of right and justice. The accepted body of international jurisprudence does not cover and provide for all possible international relationships and every species of proceeding. It is urged that other considerations—example, honor, fairness, equity—apply, and must perforce govern the conduct of the civilized society of States. These principles are fundamental. There is no need to consult codes and conventions to find them; they are implanted in the consciousness of mankind, and can never be eradicated. The main problem in private relationships as well as in public and international affairs is how to cause such principles to be regarded always and everywhere as a more desirable guide than envy, covetousness, and greed. But even apart from the applicability of ethical doctrines, encroachment on a nation's territory is not sanctioned by international law; for its entire edifice has been built up on the assumption of the autonomy and independence of sovereign States. Territorial expansion can only be justified if the equal rights of others are respected. No matter how great a particular nation's need of additional territory may be, it cannot justify the seizure of another nation's land. Perhaps the only cases where a right of conquest may be pleaded are where the people of a country are given to savagery, cannibalism, inhuman practices, or where in a war of self-defense it is found absolutely indispensable in the interests of general and more enduring peace to take away from an aggressive State a portion of its territory.



Mr. Phillipson, in declaring that it is fundamentally wrong to deprive forcibly a people of territory without good and sufficient cause, has voiced the opinion of democracy in all continents. The nations leagued against Germany do not intend to rob nations of their territory, but to endow them with their own soil by freeing them from tyrannous alien rulers who have enslaved them.

The present war is a war between the democracies and the military autoocracies. It is a war between freedom and absolutism. Whereas the most authorized exponents of the policy of the Allies have declared that they are opposed to placing nations forcibly under an alien yoke, that they wish to liberate the enslaved nations, that they desire merely that the attacked nations should be compensated for the sufferings which the Central Powers have inflicted upon them, their opponents have proclaimed a totally different policy. We know from the pronouncements of the most eminent rulers, statesmen, soldiers, politicians, professors, and other leaders that Germany, if victorious, is determined to incorporate, in some form or other, Poland, a good portion of Russia, Belgium, and a large part of France; that Austria-Hungary has similar aims of conquest. Moreover, Germany has bled Belgium white by outrageous monetary exactions, and authorized Germans have declared immediately after the outbreak of the war that they would not only seize vast stretches of territory from the nations Germany had attacked, but that the Germans would enrich themselves by demanding colossal indemnities designed to cripple their opponents for all time. In addition many prominent Germans have advocated that vast numbers of Russians, Frenchmen, etc., should be driven from the conquered lands in

order to provide room for German emigrants. They desire to reintroduce the barbarous policy pursued by the Assyrians more than two thousand years ago.

The Allies pursue a totally different aim. They wish to be compensated for the fearful losses which they have suffered and to be safeguarded against similar attacks on the part of their enemies in the future. The losses suffered by them are so gigantic that Germany and her allies cannot possibly compensate them in full in any form. Only part of the losses can be made good. Hence their principal aim must be to safeguard the peace of the future. This can most easily be done, not by partitioning Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and the rest, and by forcibly incorporating the fragments, but by setting free the alien nationalities which are oppressed and ill-used by the autocrats of Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Sofia, and Constantinople. The Allies have no desire to divide among themselves the territory of their enemies. Guided by the principle of nationality and of human liberty, they wish to set free the Poles and Frenchmen of Germany, the Poles, Czechs, Ruthenians, Slovenes, Serbians, Roumanians, Italians of Austria-Hungary, the Armenians of Turkey, etc. These, when freed, will be allowed to choose their own form of Government, their own organization, and their own allegiance. The French subjects of Germany will, presumably, desire to rejoin the French Republic. The Poles in the Eastern provinces will no doubt wish to be united once more with their brother Poles, the Serbians of Austria-Hungary will no doubt desire to form an independent State with their brother Serbians, the Roumanians of the Dual Monarchy will amalgamate with the Roumanians of the kingdom, etc. The Allies have gone to war with the object of setting free the enslaved nations,



and the Central Powers with the purpose of enslaving free ones.

The territorial settlement at the Peace Congress should be effected in accordance with the principle of nationality. Racial and State limits should be made to coincide wherever possible. However, there may be certain minor exceptions to the rule. Sometimes various nationalities are inextricably mixed up in certain districts and must be disentangled. Besides, the smaller States created on a racial basis must be secured against an attack from their warlike, powerful, and possibly revengeful neighbors. They must be able to make a living. They must be economically independent. Lastly, those nations which have caused the war and which may be inclined to renew it must give guarantees for their good behavior in the future. They cannot be allowed to dominate their smaller neighbors strategically or economically, and may have to lose certain vantage points. Poland and Serbia, for instance, must have adequate outlets to the sea. To avoid racial injustice, men of one race, who for pressing strategical or economic reasons may have to be included in small numbers in another nation, should be given the option of joining their brothers across the frontier and be entitled to adequate compensation for disturbance.

The principles of justice and of self-preservation demand that the nations which have been ill-treated by the Central Powers and which demand freedom should be set free, and that certain military points of vantage belonging to Germany and her allies should be seized. One confiscates weapons belonging to a man whose character is known to be dangerous. Alsace-Lorraine must be returned to France, partly because these provinces belong to France and a large portion of the population is French in character,

partly because these territories are required for the efficient defense of the French Republic. The vast iron beds around Metz have furnished the Germans with the bulk of their war material. Their incorporation in France will make another German attack upon the peace of the world more difficult than it has been hitherto. It is indispensable that Italy should receive the Trentino, which is purely Italian, and from which the fruitful plain of Lombardy can easily be invaded.

Germany has barbarously ill-treated the native inhabitants of her colonies. She has seen in her possessions chiefly instruments of conquest. If her colonies were returned to her, Germany would once more ill-treat the natives and endeavor to renew the world struggle with the assistance of millions of black soldiers. The democratic communities of the British Empire wish to live in peace, and they will not tolerate the return of the German colonies. The British Government will have to act in accordance with the popular will, although the retention of the German colonies may prove rather a burden than an advantage.

Those Russians who are opposed to a policy of annexation have proclaimed that Russia has more than enough territory. That is quite true. However, one cannot solve urgent practical problems with plausible generalities. The problem of Armenia cries out for solution. It would be the height of barbarism to hand back the Armenians of Asia Minor to their fiendish masters. As it is doubtful whether the Armenians will be able to govern themselves, and as, if made independent, they will be too weak to resist the Turks, it is Russia's duty to act as their guardian and protector. Armenia must fall to Russia, but, of course, Russia can give the Armenians a large measure of self-government

and can make them entirely independent when they have shown their ability for complete self-government and have developed sufficient strength for self-defense.

The leaders of Russian democracy have abandoned the claim to Constantinople, asserting that its acquisition was desired only by the ambitions of the Romanoffs. For centuries the Russian nation has striven to obtain adequate outlets to the sea, actuated not by love of glory, but driven by necessity. Land and ice-locked Russia requires access to the oceans of the world. The Baltic ports are frozen during many months. Russia's principal agricultural and industrial districts lie in the south. Russia's rivers make the Black Sea and the Mediterranean the principal outlets of the country. From Constantinople Russia's trade may be cut off and her most valuable provinces be attacked. For economic and for strategical reasons Russia has undoubtedly the strongest claim upon the possession, or at least upon the control, of Constantinople and the Narrows. If Russia should permanently waive her claims to that position future generations of Russians may regret it. Besides, it will be difficult to find an alternative solution of the problem. The Turks cannot be left in possession of that commanding spot in view of their character and record. None of the smaller nations around will be able to defend the Narrows. As none of the larger Powers, apart from Russia, has a sufficiently strong claim to Constantinople, it might have to be neutralized and be placed under the joint guardianship of the Powers. That solution would be very unsatisfactory, because the example of Belgium has shown that neutralization and joint guarantees are worthless. Russian idealism might cause another world war about Constantinople.

It is only fair that the aggressor

should indemnify in money an unjustly attacked nation. The word indemnity has come into bad odor since it has become a means of extortion. The war of 1870-71 cost Germany only £51,000,000, but she extorted from France about £250,000,000. Similar extortion was planned by the Germans when going to war in 1914. The Allies will not be able to obtain adequate compensation from their enemies, for they are not rich enough. Hence they cannot practise extortion even were they inclined to do so. The Germans and their allies should repay as much as they are able and should be compelled to rebuild the towns and villages which they have wantonly destroyed. That is only just. If peace should be concluded on the basis of no indemnities, Germany, which has not been devastated, would have obtained an enormous economic advantage, and would be enriched in consequence of the war. The Allies would suffer severely for their misplaced generosity, and none would suffer more severely than the Russians. The devastation caused in the Russian territory has been colossal, and the gigantic war debt will press with particular severity upon the poor Russian people. By waiving their right to an indemnity, the Russian people would condemn itself to decades of the greatest poverty and suffering.

The principles of justice and of democracy demand that a peace should be based on practical morality. The nations attacked by Germany must claim restitution and compensation. The fact that a policy excluding territorial and monetary compensations is not only unwise but also undemocratic was clearly demonstrated by President Wilson in his message to the Provisional Government of Russia in which he stated:—

... We are fighting again for the liberty, the self-government, and the

undictated development of all peoples, and every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose. Wrongs must first be righted, and then adequate safeguards must be created to prevent their being committed again. Remedies must be found, as well as statements of principle that will have a pleasing and sonorous sound. Practical questions can be settled only by practical means. Phrases will not accomplish the result. Effective readjustments will; and whatever readjustments are necessary must be made.

But they must follow a principle, and that principle is plain. No people must be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live. No territory must change hands except for the purpose of securing those who inhabit it a fair chance of life and liberty. No indemnities must be insisted on except those that constitute payments for manifest wrongs done. No readjustments of power must be made except such as will tend to secure the future peace of the world and the future welfare and happiness of its people. . . .

The brotherhood of mankind must no longer be a fair but empty phrase. . . . The day has come to conquer or submit. If the forces of autocracy can divide us they will overcome; if we stand together victory is certain, and the liberty which victory will secure. We can afford then to be generous, but we cannot afford then or now to be weak or omit any single guarantee of justice and security.

Democratic America has gone to war for purely ideal reasons. She has waived beforehand all claims to ter-

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ritorial and monetary indemnities. She is disinterested and she has given disinterested advice to the democracies which are fighting for liberty and for their lives. Democratic idealists in Russia and elsewhere who thoughtlessly advocate a peace without annexation and without indemnities had better be guided by President Wilson's wise words. It is sincerely to be hoped that democratic idealists in Russia and elsewhere who advocate a peace without restitution and compensation will recognize the gross injustice of that policy which was invented in Germany. It is sincerely to be hoped that they will abandon that idealistic but impracticable, immoral, and suicidal policy which would benefit the guilty, penalize the injured, and perpetuate the oppression of the weak. If German schemers and those advocates of a policy of no annexations and no indemnities, who are either Germany's tools or Germany's dupes, should unhappily succeed in shaping Russia's policy, the consequences would be very serious for the fighting democracies, and especially for Russia. Russia's divisions or Russia's withdrawal from the fray would greatly prolong the war and the sufferings caused by it. Such a policy would seriously hamper the Allies and would vastly encourage Germany. However, although Russia's separation from the other democracies would be harmful to them, it might be still more harmful to the Russians themselves. That must be obvious to all who endeavor to forecast the future.

Politicus.

## THE BANKRUPTCY OF PARTY.

"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."—French Proverb.

The existence of two political parties, divided by a plain line of public principle, is the only guarantee of the purity and efficiency of popular gov-

ernment. When the dividing line becomes obliterated, or the multiplication of parties creates confusion, the people get what Disraeli called

"relaxed politics," a polite term for jobbery, corruption, and intrigue. It will be so because the objects of an association must be either public or personal, and when they are not the one, they are the other. The fact remains, proved by an unbroken experience, that popular Government, whether representative or direct, cannot be honestly carried on without the party system. The notion exists in some quarters that in the direct, as distinguished from the representative form of government, the evils of party may be avoided. But this is not so. In the ancient governments of Rome, of Athens, and of Constantinople, the peoples, direct participants in acts of legislation, were divided into parties. Even in some of the most up-to-date creations of democracy in the United States, such as Oregon, where an attempt has been made to rebel against the authority of representative government by the Referendum, the Initiative, and the Recall, it has been found in the result that the tyranny of many parties has been substituted for that of two. "Everyone admits that parliamentary government cannot work without parties. Yet everyone decries and deplores the strength of the party system." Thus does Mr. Harold Hodge sum up the case in his clever and well-written book\* just published. So strongly does the author dislike parties that he proposes to erect an Imperial Council, outside and above all parliaments, which is to discharge all the important functions which make parliaments respectable. Nothing short of a revolution by the armies of the Empire can effect that. But the really amazing thing is that, *pace* Mr. Hodge, parliamentary government is being worked at this hour without parties. The party system is literally

bankrupt: it is "sung and proverb'd" in the parks; it is ignored by the executive; it is suppressed by the reporters' gallery. Parliament meets, it is true, but only to create a new official, vote the money for a new department, or register the decrees of the Council of Five. In the last three years a Liberal Government, on the old party lines, has been tried and found wanting. A Coalition Government, resting on the support of the two old Liberal and Conservative parties, has been tried, and defeated by an impulse, which some of the ejected called an intrigue, but which may more correctly be described as public disgust. Finally a Government has been formed which frankly rests on no party basis. Superman No. 1 is the Prime Minister, who is absolved from attendance in the House of Commons, save on the greatest occasions. Supermen Nos. 2 and 3 are peers, who, since their return from their great proconsulships some ten years ago, have been steadily ignored by the two old Parties. Superman No. 4 is a trades union official, who, from his association with M. Vandervelde on a foreign mission, may be assumed to be a Socialist. Superman No. 5 is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who intervenes as little as he can in the debates and whose first-lieutenant, the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, is not even a member of Parliament, and has passed his life in the United States. Outside this group of supermen there are some eighty members of the House of Commons who are members of the Government, a very dangerous situation, and quite contrary to the spirit of the law against placemen and pensioners which it was found necessary to pass in the eighteenth century. As I write, a political revolution greater than the Reform Act of 1832, a change compared with which Disraeli's leap

\*"In the Wake of the War," by Harold Hodge, M. A., London. John Lane.

in the dark was a hop, a Bill for practically universal adult suffrage, is being rushed through Parliament, as far as possible *sub silentio*. The Bill was read a first time under the "Ten Minutes Rule." The second reading lasted two nights, and the speeches of members were crushed by the *Times* into three columns. The discussions and amendments in Committee, including some brilliant and very damaging speeches by Lord Hugh Cecil, the last representative of educated common sense, are disposed of in the Press by the simple expedient of omission. Everything is done by the Government and their newspapers to spread the idea that Parliament does not matter, as apparently it does not. It is one of Halifax's shrewd and pithy sayings that "when a man throweth himself down, nobody careth to take him up again." Members of Parliament have voted themselves salaries, and have cringed to the crack of the Party whips for very many years. They have thrown themselves down, and nobody seems to care to pick them up again. The interesting question is whether this bankruptcy of the party system is permanent or temporary. My own conviction, founded on my reading of history and of human nature, is that the bankrupt, after a due period of suspension, will get his discharge, and re-appear in all his pristine power.

The party system is suspended by the agony of a war in which the lives and fortunes of the whole nation are engaged. Much the same suspension of party occurred during the Seven Years' War in the middle of the eighteenth century. The elder Pitt became for four or five years a kind of dictator: he fairly quelled the babbling Newcastle and the intriguing Fox. Horace Walpole complains that the House hardly ever meets: instead of

debates we have gazettes: and it literally rains gold boxes on the Minister. It was not so in all wars. Marlborough and Godolphin were opposed by Harley and St. John. Throughout the long war with Buonaparte the Whigs kept up a malignant and unpatriotic opposition. In the Boer War Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Lloyd George maintained a vigorous hostility to the conduct of the Government. But all these wars were waged by a small professional army, and the income-tax did not exceed 10 per cent in the second Pitt's day. There is something so terrible and absorbing about the present war that in its atmosphere party politics are, or ought to be, unthinkable. But the war will end, and with it the mood of exaltation, when parties will and must come back. In modern States, owing to their populousness, there are only two forms of government possible, the autocracy of an individual, whether a kaiser, a general, or a demagogue; and representative government. In the New World democrats have been making recent and strenuous efforts to establish direct popular government, without success. The Referendum is the easiest and the fashionable method of calling the masses to participate directly in government. Its recent employment in Australia cannot be encouraging to its friends, as it plainly leads to anarchy. Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, and the leader of the Labor Party in New South Wales, visited this country last summer, and delivered a series of manly and incisive war speeches just at the time when our spirits were sinking under the drowsy syrup of Mr. Asquith's tongue. Mr. Hughes excited enthusiasm. Here, at last was a Man! A powerful section of the Press and the public acclaimed the true voice of the Colonies, and de-



manded that Mr. Hughes should be made an Imperial Cabinet Minister. Mr. Hughes returned to Australia where he was met, not by pæans, but by protests from the Labor Party against his advocacy of conscription. Mr. Hughes, a little spoiled perhaps by the plaudits of London, was angry, and appealed to the masses by the Referendum on the subject of conscription. The Referendum went against him, and then Mr. Hughes as a democrat and a Labor Minister, took a remarkable step. He ignored the verdict of the constituencies, or rather defied it. He went to the Governor, resigned his position as Prime Minister, asked leave to form another Government, was granted the commission, and formed a Coalition out of the remnant of the Laborites and his opponents, the Liberal Party. Meanwhile, something like anarchy prevailed in Australia. "The moment the Referendum was taken," I quote from the *Times* correspondent at Sydney, November 14th, "the Newcastle miners came out, and for a fortnight the whole trade of the Commonwealth has been suffering from a creeping paralysis that threatens to lead to the greatest industrial convulsion that Australia has ever known." Writing a week later, November 23d, from the same place: "At the present moment there are a hundred vessels tied up in Sydney harbor alone; over-sea trade is slowly stagnating; coastal trade is paralyzed; internal trade by rail has been cut to the point of disappearance; 90 per cent of the factories are silent; tens of thousands of employees are idle. Transports are held up because their bunkers cannot be filled with coal. Steamers carrying metals for munitions to France, Russia, and England are swinging impotently in deserted bays. Sydney itself is shrouded in darkness at night. Cooking has become a sleight-of-hand

trick. The theatres are closed, and if the country trains were to stop completely, the city would be starved in a fortnight." Truly a charming picture of democracy with the Referendum as a means of settling issues.

In the State of Oregon, U.S.A., there is a legislative assembly composed of a senate and a house of representatives duly elected. But about ten years ago "the people felt that the Government was getting away from them and they desired a more direct control, both in the making of laws and in their enforcement than they enjoyed." Accordingly they devised a system by which every man is his own legislature. "The initiative affords any citizen who has evolved a solution of a governmental problem an opportunity for demonstration of its merits. Under a system of delegated legislation only, his ideas would be, or quite likely would be, referred to some Committee, where further action would be prevented through the influence of selfish interest. Where the initiative exists, he may present his idea in the definite form of a proposed bill, if eight per cent of the legal voters consider it worthy of consideration, and sign a petition for its submission to a popular vote. The system encourages every citizen, however humble his position, to study problems of government, city and state, and to submit whatever solution he may evolve for the consideration and approval of others. How different from the system so generally in force which tends to discourage and suppress the individual! Thus becomes available all the statesmanship there is among the people." I may as well observe that the above is not a transcript from the voyage to Laputa, but a quotation from the *Oregonian*, explaining an actual state of things.



Ignoring the elected legislature, any man under the system of initiation may draft a law or bill, and, if he can secure the signature of eight in 100 electors, the state must print and submit his bill to the ballot at the biennial elections, and a bare majority is sufficient to convert it into law. Sometimes the initiator is not an individual, but the executive. Frequently the Governor and the Secretary of State, passing by the legislature, draft bills, which they file and submit to the ballot. But more often the initiators (as there is always the printer's bill to pay) are an organization, "A Committee of Farmers," "The Majority Home Rule League," "The Oregon Higher Educational Institutions Betterment League," "The Anti-Saloon League." It will thus be seen that there are two sources of legislation in Oregon, the elected legislature, and the citizens, either individually or collectively. Sometimes the laws passed by the legislature are in conflict with the laws passed by the ballot of citizens. Several laws on the same subject are frequently carried at the ballot, and then the law which gets the most votes is adopted. Besides the initiative, there is, in this democratic Oceana, the Referendum and the Recall. Five per cent of the electors can enforce the reference of any law passed by the legislature for approval or rejection by the people, and taxation laws are frequently so referred and repealed. The Recall is "a special election to determine whether an official shall be superseded before the ordinary expiration of his term." The petition demanding the Recall must be signed by 25 per cent of the electors, must state the reasons, and may not be circulated against an officer until he has held office for six months. In a Recall Petition, printed in the Appendix

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of the book before me,\* the reasons for the recall of a County Judge and two County Commissioners are that they "have been unwise and inefficient, careless and extravagant." More frequent charges are those of corruption, and "drinking in saloons," generally brought against an unpopular Mayor. These are the latest and most refined devices of democracy to secure direct participation in government, and it is needless to say that they spell anarchy. In a more primitive and therefore more brutal form, much the same attempt is now being made in Russia. There is the elected legislature, the Duma, apparently a negligible quantity. Ignoring the representatives of the people there are two executives, the Provisional Government, appointed Heaven knows by whom, and the Council of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates, each trying to govern. Direct popular government, in an old or a modern, a large or a small State, has been, is, and always must be a self-cancelling business, and ends in either representative government or the autocracy of an individual, whether Kaiser or General.

If it be accepted that representative government is the only sane form of popular rule, it follows that there must be parties. A party is a combination of individuals formed for the prosecution of certain ends, which must be public or personal. When a party has no definite public objects, no distinct political principles, it can only exist for the furtherance of the selfish aims of individuals, or the sinister interests of a group. This is confirmed by history. For two centuries and a half political parties in Britain were divided by a strong and clearly marked difference of opinion about great public issues. Today,

\*"The Operation of the Initiative, Referendum and Recall in Oregon," by T. D. Barnett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

what are the principles of parties? or rather where are they? What are the principles of the party which calls itself Unionist, and which is composed of those who were Conservatives? Certainly not the maintenance of the Union, for it is willing to abandon five-sixths of Ireland to Sinn Feiners and Nationalists. Certainly not the maintenance of ancient institutions and the defense of the rights of property, for its leaders refuse to take any step towards the restoration of its constitutional power to the House of Lords, and they are promoting a Bill for universal suffrage, whose result must be to place the Throne, the Church, and the property of a handful of shrinking men and women, at the disposal of twenty million new voters. What are the principles of the Liberal Party led by Mr. Asquith? Are they Disestablishment of the Church of England and Free Trade? Those are at least public and definite objects, whether we approve them or not. What are the principles of the Labor Party? Shorter hours and higher wages, pre-

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sumably, but that is a sectional, not a national principle. Are these objects to be secured under a Monarchy or a Republic? By State Socialism or Syndicalism? The country is entitled to know, because several leaders of the Labor Party are members of the Government. If we glance at the politics of France, the United States, and the Colonies, where the English party system has never taken root, we find that politicians fight for the interests of this or that commercial or financial group. It is a question of a little more or a little less tariff, who is to get this subsidy or to lose that grant. I need hardly observe that Conservatism and Liberalism are as indestructible as plus and minus in mathematics or electricity. It is for our statesmen to devise fresh formulæ round which parties may again group themselves on avowed public principles. If our leaders have not the brains or the courage to do this, the fruits of Britain's splendid martial effort will be trampled in the dirt of a sordid and corrupt struggle between sinister interests.

*Arthur A. Baumann.*

## CHRISTINA'S SON.

BY W. M. LETTS.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Her husband's brief illness had ended almost before Christina could realize what had befallen her.

Mark had gone to a neighboring town one cold, wet day, had been chilled and taken small heed of it, and had become seriously ill. It was pneumonia.

At the time it seemed like a dream, this sudden overwhelming misfortune.

Mark, a man of few speculations, accepted his death sentence, quietly but sorrowfully. When he was conscious and could speak, he tried to tell

his wife of the preparations for death made long ago.

"But you'll be so poor," he murmured, his anxious eyes on her face.

Christina sent for a priest, the new Rector of St. Peter's. But Mark was more concerned for the future of his wife and children than for his soul. He took the priest's ministrations quietly and gratefully as he took all things. Prayer was a part of the order of death and Mark was a conventional man. Of the whither of the soul he did not think. He had never thought of it. On Sundays, if his thoughts

strayed towards Heaven, it was to a place of white robes and harps. He had never cared much for music, and the picture did not in itself attract him.

Of Purgatory he never thought at all, for his mother had abhorred the doctrine. And in all humility, if he thought of it, he supposed himself about to enter Heaven, thanks to other merits than his own.

He had nothing on his mind, and any idea of confession was quite alien to him. He had always acted by that ethical code, which seems the natural heritage of most Englishmen. He had not been aware of religious influences, but he had had a regard for the faith of his fathers and a desire to do and to believe as they had done and had believed. The ethical code had guarded him from all serious sins, and little pious customs of his mother had remained with him till the end. He never smoked in Lent, and he always said some prayers at night and the Lord's prayer in the morning. So when death came he set his face and waited for it, going out into the unknown, puzzled and silent, like a child that enters some new and alien home. He had always disliked fuss and self-consciousness, and he disliked them to the end, and died with as small disturbance as possible to those about him.

On the morning of the funeral, Christina sat in the drawing-room, with her two children. Her brothers Edmund and John had come at once to her assistance. She felt a curious amusement at the funeral rôle that each assumed.

Edmund, who had prospered in the world and whose natural man was full of cheerful well-being, made a real effort after a dreary solemnity. Death shocked him considerably. It was so unaccountable and depressing. John, not so prosperous, was aggrieved

with life and made it plain that death was in his opinion an unkind joke played upon the needy.

Both brothers had shown an obvious fear that Christina would give way to tears. They seemed afraid to be alone with her until they were assured that she was not only calm and collected but quite disinclined for the mournful reminiscences or philosophical discussion that they feared. They both said "Poor Mark," in voices unlike their own, in token of respect to the departed brother-in-law. It almost shocked them that Christina omitted the "poor" and talked naturally and even cheerfully of her husband. They knew nothing of the woman who knelt praying half the night by her husband's coffin. They knew nothing of the self-reproach and the gratitude that were the wife's offering to her dead husband.

On the day of the funeral she sat with her children behind the drawn blind talking to them that they might not hear what she heard, the heavy halting feet on the stairs as of men carrying some burden on their shoulders. She held her breath for a moment.

"Mayn't I look out, Mummy?" Rosa begged, "there's such lovely 'orses outside."

"Horses," corrected Laurence with a vehement aspirate.

"No," answered Christina.

She held their hands tightly. She heard shuffling footfalls on the flagged path, then the roll of wheels. So Mark Travis left her.

The two brothers drove back from the cemetery together. It was rather an enjoyable drive to them. They had a sense of duty done, and their minds, relaxed from the solemnity of the occasion, felt almost gay. They, at least, were still alive in this pleasant world of stocks and shares, dinner parties, whist, and all the comfortable

obvious affairs of life. They were glad Christina had taken the sad event so rationally. When they got back they found that she and the children had dined already, and that an excellent cold luncheon was awaiting them.

Afterwards John took his departure and Edmund remained to talk business. This was a subject on which he could be authoritative. He went through Mark's papers and accounts, explaining as he went.

Christina sat beside him trying to attend, but distracted by curious little reflections. Edmund's well-shaven cheek struck her as wonderfully healthy and prosperous looking. She noted the whiteness of his collar, his black tie, the good cloth of his coat. She tried to imagine Edmund dead and the picture seemed ridiculous. She wondered what such a man would do if an angel were to bring his death-warrant. Edmund was so utterly aloof from all spiritual problems, what would he make of death? Then her mind was distracted by the snoring of the old pug that lay on a chair near the fire. It took her back to her early married days, when she had felt disappointed and vexed by Mark's choice of a pug.

She got up and went to the dog. A passionate tenderness and pity was in her heart as she bent to kiss the crumpled forehead.

"That old dog needs a dose of soothing syrup," said Edmund, cheerfully; "old dogs get a beastly bother. Get a Pekingese; they're all the fashion."

Christina came back to the table. To explain to her brother a sentimental affection for the pug was impossible. She gave her mind to business. "You see," said Edmund, "I fear you won't have more than two hundred a year all told. There's your hundred and Mark's insurance, which will bring in fifty, and then that house

property of his which ought to be fifty more."

"We could move to a smaller house and let this."

"No, this is small enough, Heaven knows. As Mark bought it, you'd much better live in it. Now look here, Christina I'm very willing to help you . . . no, don't protest. I've got on well and Janet has come in for money, as you know. We have four children, but still there's enough and a little over. The pinch with you will last till that boy of yours can work, and to work he must be educated. Now I propose to send him to school."

Christina winced.

"Send him? But he's begun going to the Grammar School here—that will do, won't it?"

Edmund leaned back. He looked the prosperous *paterfamilias* to the life.

"No, my dear girl, that boy of yours needs a boarding-school. All boys do, and if you'll forgive me for saying so, a petted only son needs it most of all."

"But he's too young yet."

"Not at all, he's just the age. He must learn sense and find his level. Now, Christina, take it reasonably for the boy's sake. Sentiment and motherliness are all very well in their place, but they mustn't interfere with life, they really mustn't. A man must be a man, not a mother's pet."

Christina's tears dripped on the table; she wiped them off carefully.

"It's so soon; can't you leave him a little longer?"

"I'll leave him for a month or two, then he can go with my boy Jim. There, there, Christina! Why, you've been so sensible and I'm sure I want to help you."

He patted her shoulder and walked to the window that he might not see her crying. It was most unpleasant to see a woman cry.

"You've got to think of the boy's future," he said. "All mothers dread

this first going to school, but it's the making of a boy. Now, I propose to send him to Winthorpe with my Jim. It's rather a chance, Chris, and it's an expensive school and all that, but it seems to me to help the boy is the best way to help you."

Christina knew that Edmund was being generous to the utmost of his power. Winthorpe was a public school, and though a school of the third or fourth rank, still quite beyond her means.

"Your school is the thing in life that really matters," said Edmund, standing on the hearthrug. It struck Christina that he was growing more and more like their father.

"A school places a man," he continued; "it may be snobbish, but there you are, it's the world's way!"

"But Laurence is delicate. He does need so much care, Edmund. I understand his health so exactly, I notice every sign."

Edmund smiled.

"He's a bit sensitive, too, isn't he? Not quite like the average boy, eh? Needs a lot of humoring and sympathy and that sort of thing."

Christina was amazed at her brother's cognizance of the case. Her face was alight with gratitude and eagerness.

"Yes, that's the state of things exactly. How clever you are to guess it."

Edmund laughed loudly.

"Dear old girl! I was saying what every mother says to the headmaster when she leaves her precious young cub with him. Why! to judge by the mothers, every school is a hive of little prodigies and genii and extra-special sensitive-souled young freaks. Now, Christina, take it from me that every boy is like every other boy and the same treatment does 'em all good, a lot of bread and butter and a little bit of cane. I speak for your good, Chris, I do really. The boy will thank you

afterwards. It's a bit hard at first, but it's all part of life; there's no good worrying."

Edmund looked profoundly unaffected by the matter. He glanced at his watch and then at his sister.

"Anything else you want to know?"

"But I know nothing of Winthorpe, Edmund. What sort of religion do they teach them?"

Edmund looked astonished and a little shocked.

"My dear girl, they teach them as much religion as anyone needs. They're not goody or pi, if you mean that, but there's chapel every day—like it or lump it, and when it's time to have 'em confirmed they get 'em done. There's not much pi-jaw, but a good straight talk from your house-mater. That's what a boy needs. But if you mean do they go in for a lot of ritual, incense and bowing and scraping and that, no they don't, or I'd never send a son of mine. I hope you're not getting High Church in your old age."

"Oh! no, we're just moderate," said Christina, meaning by that the vague state which knows not the zeal nor the discipline of either extreme. Sometimes she felt it vaguely lacking in fervor, but she thought but little about it as a rule.

Edmund looked at his watch again.

"Well, I think I must be off," he exclaimed. "Write to me and consult me in everything, and we'll settle the school business later on. Good-bye, my dear girl. You must all come and stay with us; Janet would be delighted and the kids too. Yes . . . yes, you really must write to me when you want me, and keep your heart up . . . no use in fretting, eh?"

Edmund walked briskly towards the station with a keen relief at returning to a prosperous and cheerful home where no one had died lately or seemed likely to die at present. Christina went



slowly up to her bedroom, trying to staunch her tears. The house seemed very cold and the gas was dim. Through the thin partition wall she could hear the shouts of her children, who were being amused by the ever-helpful Jack Brown.

The chill of her widowhood seemed to sink into her soul. Her thoughts went to the cemetery, locked up for the night now, and the newly-made grave of the man who had loved her.

#### CHAPTER IX.

The last day of the old order was passing. There had been a strained cheerfulness about each member of the little household in Dale Road, so that the day wore a sore of hectic brightness.

In the kitchen Theresa was making a cake for Master Laurence to take back to school. She herself was near the border of tears, for the boy was like her own.

Christina was packing the new and shining yellow tin box that bore Laurence's initials. On the bed lay all his new possessions, the shirts and suits and vests and stockings that had cost so much thought, and that meant so much rigorous self-denial. Her darling must have all he needed, he must hold his own with other boys. No hint of home poverty must be suggested in that little cruelly aristocratic, plutocratic world of school. The fact of her straitened means pressed sorely on Christina now. She grudged herself any but the cheapest clothes. She would not for herself go to doctor or dentist unless under the most absolute necessity. The thousand trivial wants of life had to be scrutinized carefully and if possible denied. It irked Christina, for in her youth she had enjoyed all nice things, costly soap, eau-de-cologne, little toilet accessories, stamped notepaper, small elegancies, but now these were her economies.

But for her boy she had spent with a guilty sense of recklessness. Somehow she would save the money again, but he must start well. She stroked with tender fingers the Eton suit, the flannels, the jersey that had been the result of such careful thought.

Once Laurence came in. He looked at his boots with interest.

"Jack wants to see them," he said, and waved to Jack Brown to come in.

Jack was taller and lankier than ever. He went to the Grammar School, and talked with a Westhampton accent that annoyed his father. To Jack, this chance of going to a good school seemed a wonderful privilege.

"You *are* a lucky fellow," he said, gazing shyly at the display of clothes.

"Jolly boots aren't they?" Laurence asked with seeming carelessness; "would you like to smell 'em?"

Jack applied one gingerly to his nose.

"Jolly good, what?"

"Quite a trousseau, isn't it Jack?" said Christina; "would you like to be going to Winthorpe?"

"I just would, Mrs. Travis; why, it makes a lot of difference afterwards. I'd love to go, but for mother."

Laurence walked hastily to the window and stood staring at the sky. Christina saw his face work. He was, she guessed, on the edge of that Niagara Fall of childish despair, which comes with the first parting. But a vague excitement upheld him. He had not tasted homesickness yet. There was only the shadow of the coming event upon him at present.

"You and Rosa are having tea with us, aren't you?" Jack asked. "I'll show you a new engine I've made."

"Shall I go, mother?" Laurence asked with averted face.

"Yes, dear, do. You'll like to see Jack's engine."

Jack left the room, but Laurence lingered.



"But I'd rather be alone with you, mother."

"Yes, but go, my precious, it'll keep you amused, and Theresa and I are so busy. When you come back I'll have done and we'll do anything you like."

He nodded, choking back his tears. It was agony to Christina to see his vehement efforts at self-control, made, as she knew, for her sake. As Jack left the room the old pug trotted rather stiffly into the room. He stood looking at her with dim and bulbous eyes, suffused, as it seemed, with tears; he wheezed and snuffled as if he strove to ask the meaning of this trunk, these preparations. The brooding shadow of parting seemed to lie coldly on his spirit. This is a grief that dogs share with their masters. To them it is, no doubt, indistinguishable from death.

Christina took the dog in her arms and wept with her cheek against his head.

"Poor old boy," she murmured, "if we were but young again."

The evening passed with a spurious brightness. Every dainty that could be provided for supper was there. Rosa was allowed an extra time of sitting up. They sat in the drawing-room and played dominoes and happy families and pretended to make merry. Then Christina read aloud to Laurence, fearing any time of sentiment and converse.

They parted for the night, he with a gruff "Good-night, mother," and no kiss, an omission that she understood.

She went to her room with an aching heart. How cheerless it looked in the gas-light, this lonely room. Her present sorrow seemed to revive the pang of her widowhood. Mark would have shared this time of woe, would have counseled, cheered, solaced her. She knelt by her bed, her face hidden in the shabby eider-down.

"Oh! Mark, Mark, come back," she whispered, but no wraith of her husband appeared, only a little red-eyed boy in his pajamas. He stood at the door with quivering lips.

"Mother, let me stay with you," he whispered. She held out her arms, still kneeling. In a second he was in them, his face hidden against her shoulder. His thin little arms were round her, almost suffocating her in their vehement pressure.

"Mother, mother, don't send me away," he sobbed; "I'll do lots to help you if I needn't go. I could clean the boots and knives, mother, I could. You'd find me ever so useful."

"Darling, it's for your sake I send you. Think of all that Uncle Edmund said about public schools."

"I hate Uncle Edmund; he's a silly old ass, he is, mother."

"Dearest, I must. It's breaking my heart, but I must."

He drew away from her.

"But you needn't, you're grown-up," he said. His eyes condemned her. Here was the bitterness of the thing, that he knew her hand held the sacrificial knife.

"Oh! Laurence, try to trust me still," she begged.

"Perhaps God will let me die soon," he said. "I've asked Him."

The boy shivered with distress.

Christina made him get into bed. He lay in her arms while she tried to set forth those reasons, so inexplicable to children, for which mature wisdom allows them to suffer without redress. And he understood in the end that she who hurt him was dearer than all things, the center of his little world. So he clung to her, his wet face against hers, enjoying this last bit of childish comfort, while she, knowing that this was the last night of the old order, clasped him close against her heart, holding him while she could, dreading the morrow, when life should claim

him and her place must be usurped by harsh experience.

Soon he fell asleep, but she lay awake thinking of those other longer partings which children dimly apprehend in the briefer ones.

When the next day came, Laurence made a superhuman effort. He got through breakfast with eyes fixed on his plate, with resolute munching and gulping. Then the cab came, and the fine new tin box was hoisted to the top. Theresa, with tears streaming, kissed the boy she had once helped to nurse back from death, and stood to wave a dish-cloth at the corner of the road, never ceasing to wave till the cab was out of sight. All the Browns available were waving too from the front windows. The world is a kindly place at bottom, and sundry little parcels representative of hard-earned pennies, had been stowed into the new tin box at Jack's request, "Keep-sakes from the family."

Rosa enjoyed the cab drive. Nothing could dim her delight in this exquisite luxury, and she was not going to school. At the station they met Edmund with his son Jim. They had just arrived there by train to pick up Laurence. The two little boys eyed each other critically, and stood stiffly on the platform, much as two dogs will when desired to make friends. Edmund, all robust good-humor, was full of wise saws.

*(To be continued.)*

"No partings, no meetings," he declared. "Why Laurence, you'll be home for the holidays in a trice. And remember, my boy, there are no days as good as your schooldays. I wish I had *mine* over again. Now what paper do you like? Something comic, eh? Here's a penny, you choose for yourself."

Laurence, in silence, bought a boisterously comic halfpenny paper and politely returned the change to his uncle, who, with an affable smile, bade him keep it.

"Now . . . here's the train, here we are; smoker for me. You smoke, eh, Laurence?"

But Laurence could not smile; he turned a white despairing face to his mother.

She bent to kiss him.

"God bless you, my treasure," she whispered. She saw nothing but that little hopeless face at the train window. Edmund's cheerful countenance, the unknown pre-occupied faces of other travelers, all vanished. Only one in all that crowd existed for her—her son.

Through a mist of tears she saw the train start and vanish slowly round the curve. It seemed to her like destiny, remorseless, heedless, tearing hearts asunder.

Then she caught Rosa by the hand and went homewards.

## AN AIRMAN'S OUTINGS.

### THE DAILY ROUND.

During a bout of active service one happens upon experiences that, although they make no immediate impression, become more prominent than the most dramatic events when the period is past and can be viewed in retrospect. Subconsciousness, wiser than the surface brain, penetrates to

the inner sanctuary of true values, photographs something typical of war's many aspects, places the negative in the dark room of memory, and fades into inertia until again called upon to act as arbiter of significance for everyday instinct. Not till long later, when released from the tension of danger

and abnormal endeavor, is one's mind free to develop the negative and produce a clear photograph. The sensitive freshness of the print then obtained is likely to last a lifetime. I leave a detailed explanation of this process to the comic people who claim acquaintance with the psychology of the immortal soul; for my part, I am content to remain a collector of such mental photographs.

A few examples of the subconscious impressions gathered during my recent term at the Front are the curious smile of a dead observer as we lifted his body from a bullet-plugged machine; the shrieking of the wires whenever we dived on Hun aircraft; a tree trunk falling on a howitzer; a line of narrow-nosed buses, with heavy bombs fitted under the lower planes, ready to leave for their objective; the ghostliness of Ypres as we hovered seven thousand feet above its ruins; a certain riotous evening when eight of the party of fourteen ate their last dinner on earth; a severe reprimand delivered to me by a meticulous colonel, after I returned from a long reconnaissance that included four air fights, for the crime of not having fastened my collar before arrival on the aerodrome at 5 A.M.; a broken Boche aeroplane falling in two pieces at a height of ten thousand feet; the breathless moments at a Base hospital when the surgeon-in-charge examined new casualties to decide which of them were to be sent across the Channel; and clearest of all, the brown-faced infantry marching back to the trenches from our village.

A muddy, unkempt battalion would arrive in search of rest and recuperation. It distributed itself among houses, cottages, and barns, while the Frenchwomen looked sweet or sour according to their diverse tempers, and whether they kept estaminets, sold farm produce, had husbands *labas*, or merely feared for their poultry and

the cleanliness of their homes. Next day the exhausted men would reappear as beaux sabreurs with bright buttons, clean if discolored tunics, and a jaunty, untired walk. The drum and fife band practised in the tiny square before an enthusiastic audience of children. Late every afternoon the aerodrome was certain to be crowded by inquisitive Tommies, whose peculiar joy it was to watch a homing party land and examine the machines for bullet marks. The officers made overtures on the subject of joy-rides, or discussed transfers to the Flying Corps. Interchange of mess courtesies took place, attended by a brisk business in yarns and a mutual appreciation of the work done by R.F.C. and infantry. Then one fine day the drum and fife rhythm of "A Long, Long Trail" would draw us to the roadside, while our friends marched away to Mouquet Farm, or Beaumont Hamel, or Hohenzollern Redoubt, or some other point of the changing front that the Boche was about to lose. And as they left, the men were mostly silent; though they looked debonair enough with their swinging quick-step and easy carriage, and their frying-pan hats set at all sorts of rakish angles. The officers would nod, glance enviously at the apple-trees and tents in our pleasant little orchard, and pass on to the front of the Front, and all that this implied in the way of mud, vermin, sudden death, suspense, and damnable discomfort. And returning to the orchard we offered selfish thanks to Providence in that we were not as the millions who hold and take trenches.

The flying officer in France has, indeed, matter for self-congratulation when compared with the infantry officer, as anyone who has served in both capacities will bear witness. Flying over enemy country is admittedly a strain, but each separate job only lasts from two to four hours.

The infantry-man in the front line is trailed by risk for the greater part of twenty-four hours daily. His work done, the airman returns to fixed quarters, good messing, a bath, plenty of leisure, and a real bed. The infantry officer lives mostly on army rations, and as often as not he sleeps in his muddy clothes, amid the noise of war, after a long shift crammed with uncongenial duties. As regards actual fighting the airman again has the advantage. For those with a suitable temperament there is tense joy in an air scrap; there is none in trudging along a mile of narrow communication trench, and then, arrived at one's unlovely destination, being perpetually ennuied by crumps and other devilries. And in the game of poker played with life, death, and the will to destroy, the airman has to reckon with only two marked cards—the Ace of Clubs, representing Boche aircraft, and the Knave Archibald; whereas, when the infantryman stakes his existence, he must remember that each sleeve of the old cheat Death contains half a dozen cards. All this by way of prelude to a protest against the exaggerated ecstasies indulged in by many civilians when discussing the air services. The British pilots are competent and daring, but they would be the last to claim an undue share of war's glory. Many of them deserve the highest praise; but then so do many in all other fighting branches of Army and Navy. An example of what I mean is the recent reference to R.F.C. officers, during a Parliamentary debate, as "the super-heroes of the war,"—a term which, for ungainly absurdity, would be hard to beat. To those who perpetrate such far-fetched phrases I would humbly say: "Good gentlemen, we are proud to have won your approval, but for the Lord's sake don't make us ridiculous in the eyes of other soldiers."

Yet another asset of the airman is that his work provides plenty of scope for the individual, who in most sections of the Army would be held on the leash of system and co-operation. The war pilot, though subject to the exigencies of formation flying, can attack and manœuvre as he pleases. Most of the star performers are individualists who concentrate on whatever methods of destroying an enemy best suit them. Albert Ball—probably the most brilliant air fighter of the war—was the individualist *in excelsis*. His deeds were the outcome partly of pluck—certainly not of luck—but mostly of thought, insight, experiment, and constant practice. His knowledge of how to use sun, wind, and clouds, coupled with an instinct for the "blind side" of whatever Hun machine he had in view, made him a master in the art of approaching unobserved. Arrived at close quarters, he usually took up his favorite position under the German's tail before opening fire. His experience then taught him to anticipate any move that the unprepared enemy might make, and his quick wits how to take advantage of it. Last autumn, whenever the weather kept scout machines from their patrols but was not too bad for joy-flying, he would fly near the aerodrome and practise his pet manœuvres for hours at a time. In the early days of Ball's dazzling exploits his patrol leader once complained, after an uneventful trip, that he left the formation immediately it crossed the lines, and stayed away until the return journey. Ball's explanation was that throughout the show he remained less than two hundred feet below the leader's machine, "practising concealment."

The outstanding pilots of my old squadron were all individualists in attack, and it was one of my hobbies to contrast their tactics. C., with his blind fatalism and utter disregard of

risk, would dive a machine among any number of Huns, so that he usually opened a fight with the initial advantage of startling audacity. S., another very successful leader, worked more in co-operation with the machines behind him, and took care to give his observer every chance for effective fire. His close watch on the remainder of the formation saved many a machine in difficulties from disaster. V., my pilot and flight commander, was given to a quick dive at the enemy, a swerve aside, a *recul pour mieux sauter*, a vertical turn or two, and another dash to close grips from an unexpected direction while I guarded the tail-end.

But writing reminiscences of Umpti Squadron's early days is a melancholy business. When it was first formed all the pilots were picked men, for the machines were the best British two-seaters then in existence, and their work throughout the autumn push was to be more dangerous than that of any squadron along the British front. The price we paid was that nine weeks from our arrival on the Somme only nine of the original thirty-six pilots and observers remained. Twelve officers flew to France with the flight to which I belonged. Six weeks after their first job over the lines I was one of the only two survivors. Three of the twenty-five who dropped out returned to England with wounds or other disabilities; the rest, closely followed by twenty of those who replaced them, went to Valhalla, which is half-way to heaven; or to Karlsruhe, which is between hell and Freiburgim-Brisgau.

And the reward? One day, in a letter written by a captured Boche airman, was found the sentence: "The most to be feared of British machines is the —." The umptieth squadron then had the only machines of this type in France.

During the short period of their

stay with us, the crowd of boys thus rudely snatched away were the gayest company imaginable; and, indeed, they were boys in everything but achievement. As a patriarch of twenty-four I had two more years to my discredit than the next oldest among the twelve members of our flight-mess. The youngest was seventeen and a half. The squadron commander, one of the finest men I have met in or out of the army, became a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-five. Even he was not spared, being killed in a flying accident some months later. Though we were all such good friends, the high percentage of machines "missing" from our hangars made us take the abnormal casualties almost as a matter of course at the time. One said a few words in praise of the latest to go, and passed on to the next job. Not till the survivors returned home did they have time, away from the stress of war, to feel keen sorrow for the brave and jolly company. For some strange reason, my own hurt at the loss was toned down by a mental farewell to each of the fallen, in words borrowed from the song sung by an old-time maker of ballads when youth left him: "*Adieu, la très gentie compagne.*"

The crowded months of the umptieth squadron from June to November were worth while for the pilots who survived. The only two of our then flight commanders still on the active list are now commanding squadrons, while all the subaltern pilots have become flight commanders. The observers, a tribe akin to Kipling's Sergeant Whatsisname, are as they were in the matter of rank, needless to say. For my part, on reaching Blighty by the grace of God and an injured knee, I decided that if my unworthy neck were doomed to be broken, I would rather break it myself than let some one else have the responsibility. It is as a pilot, therefore, that I am



about to serve another sentence overseas. A renewal of Archie's acquaintance is hardly an inviting prospect, but with a vivid recollection of great days with the old umptieth squadron I shall not be altogether sorry to leave the hierarchy of home instructordom for the good-fellowship of active service. In a few months' time, after a further period of aerial outings, I hope to fill some more pages of "Maga" subject always to the sanction of their editor, the bon Dieu, and the mauvais diable who will act as censor. Meanwhile, I will try to sketch the daily round of the squadron in which I am proud to have been an observer.

"Quarter to five, sir, and a fine morning. You're wanted on the aerodrome at a quarter past.

I sit up. A shiver, and a return beneath the blankets for five minutes' rumination. Dressing will be dashed unpleasant in the cold of dawn. The canvas is wet with the night's rain. The reconnaissance is a long one, and will take fully three hours. The air at 10,000 feet will bite hard. Must send a field postcard before we start. Not too much time, so out and on with your clothes. Life is rotten.

While dressing we analyze the weather, that pivot of our day-to-day existence. On the weather depends our work and leisure, our comparative risks and comparative safety. Last thing at night, first thing in the morning, and throughout the day we search the sky for a sign. And I cannot deny that on occasions a sea of low clouds, making impossible the next job, is a pleasant sight.

The pale rose of sunrise is smudging over the last flickerings of the gray night. Only a few wisps of cloud are about, and they are too high to bother us. The wind is slight and from the east, for which many thanks, as it will make easier the return half of the circuit.

We wrap ourselves in flying kit and cross the road to the aerodrome. There the band of leather-coated officers shiver while discussing their respective places in the formation. A bus lands and taxis to a shed. From it descends the squadron commander, who, with gum-boots and a warm coat over his pajamas, has been "trying the air." "Get into your machines," he calls. As we obey he enters his hut-office and 'phones the wing headquarters.

The major reappears, and the command "Start up!" is passed along the line of machines. Ten minutes later we head for the trenches, climbing as we travel.

It was cold on the ground. It was bitter at 5000 feet. It is damnable at 10,000 feet. I lean over the side to look at Arras, but draw back quickly as the frozen hand of the atmosphere slaps my face. My gloved hands grow numb, then ache profoundly when the warm blood brings back their power to feel. I test my gun, and the trigger-pressure is painful. Life is worse than rotten, it is beastly.

But the cold soon does its worst, and a healthy circulation expels the numbness from my fingers. Besides, once we are beyond the lines, the work on hand allows small opportunity to waste time on physical sensations. On this trip there is little interruption, thank goodness. Archie falls short of his average shooting, and we are able to outpace a group of some twelve Hun two-seaters that try to intercept us. The movement below is noted, the round is completed according to program, and we turn westward and homeward.

Have you ever sucked bulls-eyes, respected sir or madame? If not, take it from me that the best time to try them is towards the end of a three-hour flight over enemy country. Five bulls-eyes are then far more enjoyable than a five-course meal at the Grand



Babylon Hotel. One of these striped vulgarities both soothes and warms me as we re-cross the trenches.

Down go the noses of our craft, and we lose height as the leader, with an uneven, poplar-bordered road as guide makes for Douzens. From this town our aerodrome shows up plainly towards the southwest. Soon we shall be in the mess marquee, behind us a completed job, before us a hot breakfast. Life is good.

Arrived on land we are met by mechanics, each of whom asks anxiously if his particular bus or engine has behaved well. The observers write their reports, which I take to the Brass Hats at headquarters. This done, I enter the orchard splash about in a canvas bath, and so to a contented breakfast.

Next you will find most of the squadron officers at the aerodrome seated in deck-chairs and warmed by an early autumn sun. It is the most important moment of the day—the post has just arrived. All letters except the one from His Majesty's impatient Surveyor of Taxes, who threatens to take proceedings "in the district in which you reside," are read and re-read, from "My dearest Bill" to "Yours as ever." Every scrap of news from home has tremendous value. Winkie, the dinky Persian with a penchant for night life, has presented the family with five kittens. Splendid! Lady X., who is, you know, the bosom friend of a certain Minister's wife, says the war will be over by next summer at the *latest*. Splendid again! Life is better than good, it is amusing.

Yesterday's London papers have been delivered with the letters. These also are devoured, from light leaders on electoral reform to the serious legends underneath photographs of the Lady Helen Touthose, Mrs. Alexander Innit, and Miss Whatnot as part-time nurses, canteeners, munitioners,

flag-sellers, charity matinee program sellers, charity tableaux vivants, and patronesses of the undying arts. Before turning to the latest number of "The Aerofoil," our own particular weekly, one wonders idly how the Lady Helen Touthose and her emulators, amid their strenuous quick-change war-work, find time to be photographed so assiduously, constantly, and distractingly.

We pocket our correspondence and tackle the morning's work. Each pilot makes sure that his machine is overhauled, and, if necessary, he runs the engine or puts a re-rigged bus through its paces. I am told off to instruct half a dozen newly arrived infantry officers on how to become a reliable reconnaissance observer in one week. Several of us perform mysteriously in the workshops, for we are a squadron of many inventors.

Every other officer has a pet mechanical originality. Marmaduke is preparing a small gravity tank for his machine, to be used when the pressure tank is ventilated by a bullet. The Tripehound has a scheme whereby all the control wires can be duplicated. Some one else has produced the latest thing in connections between the pilot's joy-stick and the Vickers gun. I am making a spade-grip trigger for the Lewis gun, so that the observer can always have one hand free to manipulate the movable backsight. When one of these deathless inventions is completed the real hard work begins. The new gadget is adopted unanimously by the inventor himself, but he has a difficult task in making the rest of the squadron see its merits.

After lunch we scribble letters, for the post leaves at five. As we write the peaceful afternoon is disturbed by the roar of five engines. B Flight is starting up in readiness for an offensive patrol. Ten minutes later more engines break into song, as three

machines of C Flight leave to photograph some new lines of defense before Bapaume. The overhead hum dies away, and I allow myself a sleep in payment of the early morning reconnaissance.

Wearing a dress suit I am seated on the steps of a church. On my knee is a Lewis gun. An old gentleman, very respectable in dark spats, a black tie, and shiny top-hat, looks down at me reproachfully.

"Very sad," he murmurs.

"Don't you think this trigger's a damned good idea?" I ask.

"Young man, this is an outrage. As you are not ashamed enough to leave the churchyard of your own accord, I shall have you turned out."

I laugh and proceed to pass some wire through the pistol-grip. The old man disappears, but he afterwards returns with three gravediggers, who brandish their spades in terrifying manner. "Ha!" I think, "I must fly away." I fly my wings (did I tell you I had wings?) and rise above the church tower. Archie has evidently opened fire, for I hear a nearby *wouff*. I try to dodge, but it is too late. A shell fragment strikes my nose. Much to my surprise I find I can open my eyes. My nose is sore, one side of the tent waves gently, and a small apple reposes on my chest.

Having run into the open I discover that the disengaged members of C Flight are raiding our corner with the sour little apples of the orchard. We collect ammunition from a tree and drive off the attackers. A diversion is created by the return of the three photography machines. We troop across to meet them.

The next scene is the aerodrome once again. We sit in a group and censor letters. The countryside is quiet, the sun radiates cheerfulness, and the war seems very remote. But the mechanics of B Flight stand

outside their sheds and look east. It is time the offensive patrol party were back.

"There they are," says a watcher. Three far-away specks grow larger and larger. As they draw near, we are able to recognize them as our buses, by the position of their struts and the distinctive drone of the engines. \* Four machines crossed the lines on the expedition; where is the fourth? The crew of the other three do not know. They last saw the missing craft ten miles behind the Boche trenches, where it turned west after sending up a Very's light to signal the necessity of an immediate return. There were no Huns in sight, so the cause must have been engine trouble.

The shadows of the lost pilot and observer darken the first ten minutes at the dinner-table. However, since cheerfulness is next but one to godliness, we will take this to be an anxious occasion with a happy ending. Comes a welcome message from the orderly officer, saying that the pilot has phoned. His reason for leaving the patrol was that his engine went dud. Later it petered out altogether, so that he was forced to glide down and land near a battery of our heavy guns.

The conversational atmosphere now lightens. Some people from another squadron are our guests, and with them we exchange the latest flying gossip. The other day, X rammed a machine after his gun had jammed. Y has been given the Military Cross. Archie has sent west two machines of the eleventh squadron. While on his way home, with no more ammunition, Z was attacked by a fast scout. He grabbed a Very's pistol and fired at the Boche a succession of lights, red, white, and green. The Boche, taking the rockets for a signal from a decoy machine, or for some new form of British frightfulness, promptly retired.

Dinner over, the usual crowd settle around the card-table, and the gramophone churns out the same old tunes. There is some dissension between a man who likes music and another who much prefers ragtime. Number one leads off with the Peer Gynt Suite, and number two counters with the "Hello, how are yer?" record. From the babel of yarning emerges the voice of our licensed liar—

"So I told the General he was the sort of bloke who ate tripe and gargled with his beer."

"Flush," calls a poker player.

"Give us a kiss, give us a kiss, by wireless," pleads the Gramophone.

"Good-night, chaps. See you over Cambrai." This from a departing guest.

Chorus—"Good-night, old bean."

Blackwood's Magazine.

On turning in we gave the sky a final scour. It is non-committal on the subject of tomorrow's weather. The night is dark, the moon is at her last quarter, and only a few stars glimmer.

I feel sure the farmers need rain. If it be fine tomorrow we shall sit over Archie for three hours. If it be conveniently wet we shall charter a light tender and pay a long-deferred visit to the city of Arrière. There I shall visit a real barber; pass the time of day with my friend Mdlle. Henriette, whose black eyes and ready tongue grace a bookshop of the Rue des Trois Cailloux; dine greatly at a little restaurant in the Rue du Corps Nu Sans Tête; and return with reinforcements of Anatole France, collar-studs, and French slang.

*Contact.*

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### THE GOD OF MR. H. G. WELLS.\*

It goes without saying that this latest adventure of Mr. Wells into the realm of religion will meet with the warm approval of the many who are in these days outside the churches. It is indeed much more than probable that any exhibition of the mistakes and failures of his somewhat flamboyant volume, will meet with chilly reception and be promptly branded as sheer bigotry. Nevertheless it must be done for the truth's sake, and the resulting odium defied. For although in parts of his book it is difficult to take the author seriously, yet his claim is as unmistakable as vast, and the constituency to which he has access is unmeasured. He declares that his "renascent" religion—

is an account rendered. It is a statement and record, not a theory. There is nothing in all this that has been

invented or constructed by the writer. I have been but scribe to the spirit of my generation.

If he be thus but the spokesman for his age, the marvel of his versatility becomes transformed into a veritable miracle. The root fallacy of his whole fancy is so patent, and its resulting efflorescence so manifestly delusive, that one is at a loss to understand how the many can be thus represented. One venturesome man may eagerly follow a Will-o'-the-Wisp, but it is hard to think of a whole generation doing so with him. The situation to which he invites us, one may truly liken to a long and well-appointed train, crowding with expectant excursionists, who are called upon to admire the engine which is to convey them to their happy land. And fine it looks, in all brilliant technical array, at a distance. But presently a storm comes on, and after the deluge of rain has passed,

\**God the Invisible King.* By H. G. Wells. Cassell & Co.

they look for it in vain, seeing that it was after all but a cardboard structure which has melted away. We shall see shortly that this is precisely what happens to this "trend of intelligent opinion" which Mr. Wells pronounces "a discovery of truth."

His last word here is that "The kingdom of God is at hand," and in view of the many nobilities and excellences which decorate the structure he has drawn for us—the most striking features of which seem strangely familiar to Christian observers—we are disposed to be comforted amid our present sorrows. But when the challenge which he flings down to come and examine its foundations, is accepted, lo! it is found to be nothing more than a castle in the air. For it rests on nothing but his own exuberant imagination—"The writer has found this faith growing up in himself"—that is all. Save that they also for whom he claims to speak, "explain this modern religiosity" by simply saying that "they have little argument, but profound conviction." If the author would stoop to hold converse with some Latter-Day Saints, or Christadelphians, to say nothing of Theosophists and Eddyists, he will find plenty whom he does not represent, who will supply him with as profound conviction and little argument as ever he can desire. In not a few glowing passages he points us to a Promised Land—it is only a pity that we cannot here quote them. But they remind us inevitably of the lament of Sir Stanley Maude in the recent Mesopotamian campaign—a tragedy in briefest statement—that "the progress of the troops was much hindered by the mirage." The mirage in Mr. Wells' pages is made up of phrases, figures, ideals, promises, not only couched in Christian phraseology, but embodying thoughts, words and deeds, which every humble-minded Christian would

recognize as his own. But as to the dynamic through which they are to be actualized in daily modern life, it is in the latter case potent enough; in the former, however, its only mocking substitute is a zeal for "religiosity." Which will no more bring "the Kingdom of God" to pass on earth, than a painted fire will warm a room.

If only it were worth while, or if all who read this volume could be constrained to face such a scrutiny, many and valid would be the criticisms evoked by these pages. But it would really need an interleaved copy, and smaller print with narrower margins than the original, to point them out. For if we may be deliberately definite without stooping to the meticulous, certainly not less—to take an average—than a dozen instances might be quoted of each of the following counts in a general indictment: Boundless confidence in calm assumptions of infallibility; unfair and untrue accusations of Christians and Churches; truculent verbosity in stating Christian positions; fine phrases and paragraphs which when examined are found to be purely imaginary if not quite meaningless; dogmatic assertions; manifest fallacies; unjustifiable cartoons instead of fair representation; uncalled-for sneers; mere semblance of novelty derived from plagiarized Christian conceptions; claims on behalf of a new god which are all the time only true of the God of the contemptuously-rejected Christian theology; sweeping claims for this "modern religion"—as to its ethical ideals and social influence—which are as unwarranted in reference to it as they are already justified in regard to Christianity. These charges are only made after close examination of every page—the matter for regret is that they cannot here be exhibited by quotation.

That being so, one might well ask whether it is necessary to take such a

work seriously. There are those who think it is not, and dismiss the whole with a half humorous, half cynical, review of a few lines. The unwisdom of such procedure is seen in the fact, of which there can be little doubt, that this work, especially in the cheaper edition which is sure to appear soon, will probably obtain as real vogue among thoughtful people—already acquainted with “Mr. Britling”—young and old alike, within as well as without the Churches, as a year or two ago Mr. Blatchford’s two books had with the man in the street. The suggestion that these latter are now well-nigh forgotten, and that Mr. Wells’ new “discovery” will soon share the same fate, is not warranted, for the cases are not parallel. But even if it were, the transient may also be very harmful, as Zeppelin raids have only too tragically proved. Besides which everyone knows that a flood—say like that which troubled Paris not long since—when it retires, leaves a deposit of slime behind. The Churches lost very many through the *Clarion* crusade who will never be won back to Christianity. So that from the plain standpoint of Christian principles, a work of such pretensions as *God the Invisible King*, demands fair scrutiny and straightforward handling.

That there are clever sentences embodying keen observation, expressed in lucid speech, sometimes really eloquent, always exhibiting a high ethical tone—even in regard to what some will account the laxity of his sexual morality—along with a lofty democratic standard—all these the numerous readers of Mr. Wells’ various works will expect to find, and will not be disappointed. We must here be content to take them for granted, seeing that this review is written, without apology, from the standpoint of the Christian theology which so provokes our author’s vituperative contempt.

LIVING AGE, VOL. VII, No. 351.

In brief speech, therefore, it is our duty to show first some of the mischievous characteristics of the writer’s whole attempt, and, secondly, the fourfold fallacy involved in his main “discovery.”

In regard to the whole purpose of his pretentious pages we are bound to point out the following:

(1) The ordinary reader cannot but get confused by the way in which the name “God” is here employed. The author ceaselessly refers to “God” in ways and terms which he knows well are, as they have been from the beginning of Christianity, unalterably associated with the Biblical representation of Him. Whether it is true or not to speak of Him as “that bickering monopolist who became a Father in the Christian system” is quite irrelevant. The fact remains that for the whole modern world the term “God” stands for Him alone. And yet hundreds of times this name is used, without any apology or notification, for that alleged new “discovery” which the author so glorifies. He tells us that he has “entire faith in the matter of God the Redeemer”—which sounds innocent enough to every Christian reader. But what is meant is very far from Christian. Only in one case is the difference acknowledged as it ought to be. “The believer”—and the same confusion prevails here, for this does not mean the Christian but the Wellsian—“will assert that his God is a god of salvation.” What the “salvation” is we may presently inquire; here the point is that the proper name, with the capital G, is quite unwarranted, because its connotation is already unalterably fixed; and the true term, with the small g, is that which to avoid confusion and make the issues clear, ought to be employed on every occasion where the author intends to refer to his new discovery. Such phrases as “Nothing but utter blind-



ness of the spirit can shut a man off from God"—"all who believe owe an apostolic service to God!"—are decidedly misleading, for in all ordinary parlance they are definitely Christian. The writer is seeking to win his case by sheer glamour. Substitute "god" for "God," and another impression is created at once. In the mere interest, therefore, of truth, the reader ought to go through the book, pen in hand, and strike out almost every occurrence of the capital letter. It has been a very useful exercise so to do, for one reader at least.

(2) Equally marked and misleading is the confusion created throughout the whole book, by the way in which general Christian phraseology is employed without the slightest intimation that nothing Christian is intended. It is scarcely too much to say that this constitutes the bulk of the book.\* If this element of Mr. Wells' "discovery" were taken away, there would be little left, and that little would not be worth setting forth in print. Both in regard to God Himself and all His relations with men, we find on almost every page avowals like the following:

There is but one God, there is but one true religious experience, but under a multitude of names under veils and darkness, God has come into countless lives.

In this book it is asserted that God responds, that he gives courage and the power of self-repression to our weakness.

In but a few centuries God will have led us out of the dark forest of these present wars and confusions into the open brotherhood of his rule.

I doubt if faith can be complete and enduring if it is not secured by the definite knowledge of the true God.

This is the personal problem of sin. Here prayer avails; here God can

\*As detailed quotation is here impossible through limitations of space the following pages will supply sufficient instances, though there are very many more: pp. 27, 31, 47, 63, 67, 75, 79, 81, 114, 116, 124, 167, 168, 170, etc

help us. From God comes strength to repent and make reparation.

Let there be no mistake about one thing. Here prayer is a power. Here God can indeed work miracles. A man with the light of God in his heart can defeat vicious habits.

All these, as they stand, are purely Christian sentiments, and nothing can present them honestly to the modern reader but the substitution of "god" for "God" in every such case. That would, however, suffice to show the ineptitude of Mr. Wells' "discovery." For the rest, therefore, of this brief notice, we shall put the case unmistakably by using always the appellation which the author only once acknowledges, viz.: that his new discovery is not "God"—but "a god."

(3) When his statements are clear, they are not only dogmatic, but mostly false or unworthy. These are the only instances here possible, but they are quite typical.\*

We all live in the storm of life—if we seek salvation and search within for god, presently we find him. This is the god that men have sought and found in all ages, as God or as the Messiah or the Saviour.

It would be scarcely possible to make a falser statement than that. The identification of Mr. Wells' god with the God of the Bible, and especially of the New Testament, is surely the very limit of untruthfulness. But again—

Modern religion appeals to no revelation, no authoritative teaching, no mystery. To this all true religion, casting aside its hulls of misconception, must ultimately come.

Here, in close proximity, we have "modern religion" standing for Wellspanity self-sufficient and clear, whilst "true religion"—which cannot but mean something else, by reason of its "hulls of misconception," and so connotes Christianity—must ultimately

\*See also pp. 75, 76, 102, 109, 156, 205.

come to Mr. Wells' new discovery! It is hardly likely. But here is the dogma of "the new faith," pure and simple.

Those who believe say that god is not an aggregate but a synthesis. He is not merely the best of all of us but a Being in Himself, composed of that but more than that, as a temple is more than a gathering of stones or a regiment is more than an accumulation of men. So we think of god as a synthetic reality, though he has neither body nor material parts.

Any synthesis, however, must admit of being analyzed, and but little intelligence is required to show that the more this "synthetic reality" is analyzed, the more unthinkable it becomes. No more worthy or adequate is the writer's reference to Jesus, as "the man who in the extreme agony of his pain and exhaustion, cried out that he was deserted"—for no one knows better than the author that that is not the true or full Christian representation. Such a *suppressio veri* is unworthy of a new religion. His personal scorn for immortality was certainly not shared by Prof. Huxley, as is well known; nor is it helpful to the truth on so great a matter to quote, as final, the bald assertion of Metchnikoff, that "A future life has no single argument to support it." Than which a falser piece of dogmatism was never uttered.

Yet almost the same might be truly said of our author's own pronouncement that

All mankind is seeking God. There is not a nation nor a city in the globe where men are not being urged at this moment by the spirit of God in them towards the discovery of God.

For if the reference be to Mr. Wells' god, "mankind" neither know nor care anything for his "discovery." But if the Christian God be assumed, then it is as false that men are seeking

Him, as it is true that the spirit of God is urging them. Else the infernal horrors of the last three years would never have come upon us.

(4) The author's general virulence against Christianity, and special truculence in reference to the doctrine of the Trinity, are equally unwarranted and unworthy. It is as untrue to affirm that

the doctrine of the Trinity, so far as the relationship of the Third Person goes, hangs almost entirely upon one ambiguous and disputed utterance in St. John's Gospel (xv, 26).

as it is unworthy to declare that

none of us really pray to that fantastic, unqualified *danse à trois*, the Trinity, which the wranglings and disputes of the worthies of Alexandria declared to be God.

Any tyro in the study of Christian theology knows better than that, and whatever else modernism in religion may involve, it is a sinister and paltry representation of it to say that "men are beginning to speak of religion without the bluster of the Christian formulæ."

(5) Many of the grandiose avowals in this volume which seem at first glance such fine expositions of the modern spirit in religion, turn out, when calmly scrutinized, to be merely swollen nothings, if indeed they are at all intelligible. Out of the many take only these as specimens:

There was an attempt to make the God of nature accessible and the God of the Heart invincible.

The author is restricting and defining the word God as meaning only the personal god of mankind.

God [god] is a spirit, a single spirit and a single person; he has begun and he will never end. He is the immortal part and leader of mankind.

God [god] does not guide our feet. Nothing of such things will god do; it is an idle dream. But god will be

with you nevertheless. In the reeling aeroplane or the dark ice cave god will be your courage. Though you suffer or are killed, it is not an end. He will be with you as you face death; He will die with you as he has died already countless myriads of brave deaths.

So one might go on,\* but space forbids. Their sophistry no context relieves, nor is it cleared away by further exposition.

(6) The general conception of religion here assumed is open to much correction, and often decidedly misleading. Quotation being here impossible, pp. xv, 87, 111, 204, 205 may be definitely specified as typical instances.

(7) The writer is quite unpardonable in his superficial references to but real ignoring of Christ. Some nine years ago, in his *First and Last Things*, Mr. Wells declared that he did not approve of Jesus Christ, and that it really did not matter to him whether the Christ of the Gospels ever lived or not. This volume merely echoes those sentiments. But it deserves and confirms what Dean Henson said a few days ago in the City Temple:

Remove Christ from the central place and the Temple of Religion is not only empty but ruined. To conceive of God otherwise than Christ compels, is to revert to the lower creeds of Paganism, however adroit we may be in covering the nakedness of our apostasy with phrases borrowed from Christianity.

There could hardly be, in few words, a truer summary of the book we are contemplating.

(8) On the whole, the estimate and representation of Christianity and Christian doctrine here put forth are as unfair, untrue and uncalled for, as is the author's reiteration of the terms "damn" and "damnation"—which he either knows well, or ought to

know, have no place in the Christian terminology of today. He cannot find either of them in the Revised Version; is it an essential part of his "new religion" to ignore all the better features of the older religion which he denounces? If such a method were applied to his "discovery," who sooner than he would protest?

(9) Finally, here in brief must be said that which would need many pages to demonstrate, viz.: that (as was hinted in homely figure at the beginning of this notice) this "new religion" will never be satisfactory in its results, whatever be the cleverness of its verbal presentation, for the simple but sufficient reason that it will not work. It will no more bring to pass all the Utopia that the author assumes, than a cardboard engine will draw a real train. For apart from all else which is here open to such serious questions, its main purpose, which seems to be an echo of that which came to Paul at Athens, viz.: to set forth an unknown God, is, as hinted above, a fourfold failure. The god of the new religion is demonstrably unreal, self-contradictory, inadequate, and unnecessary. To demonstrate this with appropriate proof and confirming quotations, is here impossible, but may, if needed, be given elsewhere. For the moment it must suffice to call attention to what is fairly manifest.

(i) The Wellsian god is the pure creation of imagination. The title of the volume is more apt than the author intended. *God the Invisible King*—cannot but be significant. No one beyond childhood would take it to signify merely that God could not be seen by mortal eye. But there ought to be for rational beings, and there is, a true sense in which God, if He is to be the object of faith and love and obedience, can be seen in proportion to His reality. This is the specific claim of Christian Theism; and it is

\*cf. also pp. 99, 115, 120, 161, 163, 184, 186.

not disproved by any of the jeers and sneers with which so often today it is dismissed. In the case, however, of Mr. Wells' new discovery, no reason whatever is given—as hinted above—for accepting either the existence or the personality of the alleged god, beyond the conviction and belief of the writer. With the calmest equanimity it is declared that

God [i.e. god] comes to us neither out of the stars nor out of the pride of life, but as a still small voice within.

The statement of modern religion (of the Wells type) is a mere statement of what we may all perceive and experience.

Those who have been "hypnotized and obsessed by the idea that the Christian God is the only thinkable God" are released by Mr. Wells' discovery, so that "their minds become as it were nascent, and ready for the coming of god. Then suddenly, in a little while, in his own time, god comes. This cardinal experience is an undoubted immediate sense of god. It is the attainment of an absolute certainty that one is not alone in oneself."

Firstly, god is courage. Next god is a person. The third thing to be told of the true God is that god is youth.

Believers in this modern religiosity advance no proof whatever of the existence of god, but their realization of him.

Beyond these assumptions, no other ground whatever is given for accepting Mr. Wells' theocracy, and consequently jettisoning all else, than that—Mr. Wells says so. If this generation is content to accept that position, then all that the Christian need reply is that the warning in 1 Timothy iv, 3, 4, is measurelessly appropriate.

(ii) Again; the allegations respecting this new god are plainly self-contradictory. It appears that after all his spleen against Christian doctrine, Mr. Wells must have his own trinity.

Thus from three consecutive pages we learn that for the new religion there is first the Veiled Being, enigmatical and incomprehensible.

Then, coming out of this veiled being, is another lesser being, an impulse thrusting through matter and clothing itself in ever-changing material forms.

This second Being men have called the life Force—and in it do we all live, with no certainty and no coherence within us—  
until we find god.

First, the Veiled Being; Second Being, the Life Force; Third Being, god.

It would be interesting to know how an "impulse" can be a "Being." But of the relations between god and this "second Being," we learn nothing more. We are, however, told that the new god—the third—

began, and is always beginning—if a figure may represent him, it must be a beautiful youth, already brave and wise, but hardly come to his strength.

He is the undying human memory, the increasing human will.

But apart from the impossibility of conceiving of anything which is "always beginning"—for a beginning without a sequence is a contradiction in terms—it is difficult indeed to form any notion of a personality out of these elements. It is still more difficult to correlate this conglomerate ever-beginning god with the dogmatic assurance that this god

is everywhere and immediately accessible to every human being.

For whilst it is the "most fundamental mark of the new faith that it worships a finite god," it certainly requires a Wellsian mind to apprehend how such a finite god can be "everywhere."

(iii) Such a god is markedly inadequate for all the tasks set him by his discoverer. One would like to ask in detail what Mr. Wells has added to the conceptions of Mr. J. S. Mill's closing words upon Theism, as to a

limited Deity; or wherein he differs from his avowed teacher, the late Prof. W. James.\* It would seem as if the teacher were wiser than the pupil, but that we must leave here.

After having assured us that god is "everywhere," we are told that he is neither all-powerful nor omnipresent. How then he can be "accessible to every human being" does not become at all clear. In fact it is unthinkable. Moreover, a god who has "hardly come to his strength" is hardly likely to be a "god of salvation" such as every human being needs. Furthermore, if "the first purpose of god is the attainment of clear knowledge as a means to an end that he is only beginning to apprehend. . . . Incidentally our god dies a million deaths."

Christian thinkers, at all events, will fail to see how in coming to such a god, "the libidinous, vindictive, boastful or indolent man" everywhere will find that "now his will to prevail over those qualities can refer to an exterior standard and an external interest, he can draw upon a strength almost boundless beyond his own."

"Almost," saves the Wellsian consistency, but ruins the human hope. Was there ever, will there ever be, a real sinner—say one of Mr. Begbie's *Broken Earthenware* specimens—helped out of drink and lust and villainy, into sobriety, purity, loving kindness, by such a god? Whatever else may be said, as we set the new "religiosity" side by side with confessedly faulty Christian Churches, at least the appeal to facts confirms one of the sayings of Christ—"No one wants new wine after drinking old—the old, he says

\*Of his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 525. "The practical needs and experiences of religion seem to me sufficiently met by the belief that beyond each man, and in a fashion continuous with him, there exists a larger power which is friendly to him and to his ideals. All that the facts require is that the power should be both other and larger than our conscious selves. Anything larger will do, if only it be large enough to trust for the next step. It need not be infinite, it need not be solitary.

is better."\* This is a tempting theme for enlargement, but we must here dismiss it with the plain avowal, which admits of abundant proof, that human nature being what it is, this new god is no more equal to the needs of modern humanity, than the Theosophic "Star of the East," or the "Christian Science" denial that there is such a thing as pain.

(iv) Happily it may be affirmed, with sufficient reason in both fact and principle, that this new religious "discovery," on the lines of scientific fiction, is quite unnecessary if only justice is done—which assuredly in these Wellsian pages it is not—to the Christian doctrine of God and all that it connotes. It is simply false for any writer, no matter how clever, to represent modern Christian theology thus: "the same common tendency to superlatives and absolutes that makes men ashamed to admit that God is finite, makes them seek to enhance the merits of their Saviour by the device of everlasting fire." What our fathers held hereupon is nothing to the point. If Mr. Wells is so modern in his science, why should he not allow us to be so in our religion? If in physics he would accept the standpoints of, say, Sir Oliver Lodge or Prof. Silvanus Thompson, why does he not take his conception of Christian truth from such a work as *The Christian Doctrine of God*, by Dr. W. N. Clarke. For there, assuredly, as in a myriad other volumes with authority, he will find no warrant for his gibe. This is not the place to state Christian Theism, even in outline, but when it is fairly set forth, apart from the obscurantist blunders of some of its friends, no less than from the sneers and misrepresentations of its enemies, it is well able to take care of itself; even in these restless days of occult cults and individual vagaries. And when our author so epigram-

\*Luke v, 39. Moffatt.



matically concludes his strange adventure with the assurance that "the kingdom of god is at hand," we hand him back his discovery with one letter altered—"God" is ours, his is "god"—not merely because we are Christians, but because there are abundant reasons for our belief that "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" of whom Paul wrote, is still the only God worth thinking of, let alone worshipping, loving, serving. For, in a very much truer, fuller, warmer and more hopeful sense than is found in the booklet of Mr. Cotter Morison which Sir Harry Johnston recommends, the "kingdom of God," according to Jesus Christ, involves the "service of man" now, as well as the comfort and hope for that which is beyond.

Whatever be the coming conflicts in religion, as in sociology, it may be affirmed with as much confidence as little bigotry, that men and nations that have come through the strains and horrors of these years will need something—some One—more real and

The London Quarterly Review.

more adequate to all their needs, than this Brocken Spectre of a versatile human imagination. If it could be affirmed that "the kingdom" of such a finite, synthetic, humanly-conglomerate, youthful, uneducated, rationally invisible god, as Mr. Wells offers us, were "at hand," it would indeed be time to ring the knell of humanity's noblest hopes as well as highest aspirations. God be thanked that it is not so. "Salvation leaves us still dis-harmonious, and adds not an inch to our spiritual and moral stature."

So declares our modern prophet. To which we may well reply that for such salvation the world of today has neither need nor room. In blood and tears has Europe learned the lesson that Nietzsche has had his day, and must cease to be; whilst all mankind is yearning as never before for the bells of peace that will

Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*Frank Ballard.*

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## "THE BRIDE'S GIFT FROM HER FATHER WAS . . ."

BY LADY POORE.

These letters were written by:

(1) Katharine Hamilton, aged 45, wife of Colonel Kenneth Hamilton, R.E. (retired), of Chalkleigh Grange, Downshire.

(2) Humphrey Hamilton, son of the above, aged 25; lieutenant, and later captain, Hillshire Fusiliers.

(3) John Jarvis, Esq., of Chalkleigh Manor, Downshire, aged 43, in the ranks Downshire Regt. and later Hillshire Fusiliers.

(4) Mary Jarvis, aged 40, his wife.

(5) Sylvia Jarvis, aged 20, their daughter.

FROM MRS. HAMILTON IN LONDON TO  
MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE.

July 27, 1914

Dearest Mary,—Yes, daughters are difficult creatures to handle. It's just as well I have none, for I should have brought them up all wrong. Boys are educated in accordance with an accepted system which works out fairly well with all but geniuses and imbeciles, and mine is neither the one nor the other; but no sound rules for the training of girls have yet been formulated, and ultra-modern parents and school mistresses rash enough to experimentalize produce results more as-

tonishing than desirable in my eyes. Those who aim at eliminating vanity from the female heart and weakness from the female body by confiscating the gewgaws dear to girls, and dressing "flappers" in knickerbockers and tunics in which they perform miracles of gymnastics, are responsible for letting loose upon society hordes of clumsy, hockey-playing hybrids with ill-brushed hair and ill-kept nails who have never learned to walk or sit or stand properly. When it is too late to cultivate deportment these luckless creatures first regret their lack of grace, and then condemn in others the grace they lack. And so they roll and stump through life with their hands in their jersey pockets and their chins on their chests, imagining themselves as vastly superior to masculine men as they feel they are to feminine women. If Humphrey should marry a girl of the new type with over-developed muscles and an under-developed heart, it will kill me. I simply couldn't bear to see him married to the sort of woman who talks of equality with men and assumes a complete superiority over her husband. She would despise me as a parasite or trample on me as a worm because I love making my husband and my boy happy. Why shouldn't I make them happy? They give me all I care for most in life. Why can't these queer new creatures be content to know that women *are* superior to men in as many ways as men are superior to women? Men have logic; women have instinct. Men have almost uninterrupted health between twenty and fifty; we have highly strung nerves and—babies! When women get the vote, their huge majority at the polls will very soon give them the power of sitting in Parliament, and it will be funny when the *Première* has to retire into private life in the middle of a session because she is going to have a baby. There is only one way of se-

curing the actual equality of men and women, and that is by the interchangeability of sex—which is impossible. If a man could take it in turns with his wife to have the babies they would soon be equal, and, incidentally, there would be such a falling off in the population of these overcrowded islands that there would be room to breathe and grow, for few men are as brave in sickness as women, and there would seldom be more than three children in any family.

Then if one could only ensure the successful rearing of a reasonable surplus of male babies no woman of the next generation need be deprived of what nearly everyone of them in her heart needs—a husband. I fancy it is the impossibility of marriage for all that makes many women declare they hate men. I won't call this "sour grapes," but pride. If I had my way it should be counted as bigamy for any woman in the British Islands to marry twice. But then men do so like marrying widows. I suppose they say to themselves in their logical, imaginative way, "This is obviously a marriageable person, as she has been married already, and has naturally learned something of the duties and disillusionments of married life. Muddy boots, strong cigars, and rumpled chair-covers will not distress her unduly. I should not have to train her." This seems reasonable, but they forget that women have tenacious memories, and the possession of a late husband, however inferior in actual fact to the present holder of the title, is as good as a pocketful of stones. Only widowers, therefore, should be permitted to marry widows. I myself could never marry again, because I should be sure to call my second husband by my first husband's Christian name (you know how I call all my maids "Simpson" because Simpson was my first), and I have sufficient delicacy to find the idea revolting.

To return to daughters. You have at least the comfort of knowing that Sylvia can never *look* otherwise than feminine. She is hopelessly graceful, hopelessly *soignée*, hopelessly elegant, and if only she could fall in love seriously (and unsuccessfully), the discovery of a heart might be followed by the discovery of a soul.

The Grange is being aired, and is now shaking out its sun-blinds, and you'll find me at the Manor as soon as ever I have said how d'ye do to the roses on the 5th.

Yours always,  
Katharine.

HUMPHREY HAMILTON IN HILLSHIRE  
TO SYLVIA JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE.

August 11, 1914.

Dear Sylvia,—I've been too rushed to get down to Chalkleigh to say good-bye, and we're rounded up now for the start. Perhaps it's just as well, but it seems rotten luck. What I wanted to say might only have got your back up. You've never given me a chance to tell you in so many words that I want to marry you; but I think you must know, because you are so beastly clever. You always made me feel a fool when I was getting up steam, and then, of course, I knew you'd turn me down, so I funk'd it. In books they say girls are often like that when they really care. Perhaps there's some truth in it. I hope so. Whether you do care, or whether you don't, Sylvia, send me one line, and if we've gone it will be forwarded. If it's "yes," I'll be sure to come back alive. If it's "no," I hope I'll get killed as soon as we've got the Germans on the run. Life's no use to me without you; but I must help to lick the Kaiser first.\*

Yours,  
H. H.

\*Sylvia never answered this letter.

MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE TO MRS.  
HAMILTON IN LONDON.

August 29, 1916.

My dear Katharine,—I suppose you will stay on indefinitely in town as Kenneth is a censor—I shall miss you dreadfully. The war seems to have taken Sylvia farther away from me than ever. She *laughed* when I told her her father had enlisted, and said "Poor old Dad! How uncomfy he will be! Fancy being a private soldier after being a private gentleman for forty-three years!" Not a word of praise for him or sympathy for me. It hurts me more than all the indifference she has shown towards us ever since she left school two years ago. I thought myself so wise and so enlightened when I sent her to Miss Carton's, so sure was I that her "little Princess" ways would be just pleasantly modified by contact with other girls. It's hard to bring up an only child to be unselfish. I knew school life could not make her either rough or untidy, as I admit it makes some girls nowadays, but she is more aloof, more of a sprite than ever now, when I could love the very clumsiest and untidiest daughter with a heart for her country and her father.

John is drilling on the Plain. He feels the heat, poor dear—you know he always puts on weight after the hunting is over—and I daren't say so to Sylvia, for she would only talk about "too solid flesh" melting, in the maddening clever schoolgirl way I detest. Oh, that cheap cleverness! My dear, simple John mistakes it for genius, and Sylvia, I am sure, would agree with him. It may be disloyal to criticise the child even to you from whom I have no secrets, but you are so kind that perhaps you can find something comforting to say. I'm so utterly alone—worse than alone—just now.

Yours,  
Mary.

MRS. HAMILTON IN LONDON TO MRS.  
JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE.

August 31, 1914.

My dear Mary,—I should like to run down and *shake* Sylvia, but she would only think me mad. Well, if the war lasts long enough, the dissatisfied daughters as well as the crazy females who "devour widows' houses" with fire and bait Cabinet ministers will come to their senses. No one will have time to bother about their discontent and their craziness, and they detest neglect or obscurity. Better good works than insignificances. Suffragettes will certainly want to prove how valuable they are as a national asset, how generous in burying their hatchets and hammers and hat-pins and wearing their nails short "for the period of the war." And when the war is over the worst of them will come forward and claim the vote as their reward for doing the plain duty the rest of us perform *gratis*.

I never felt sure that Miss Carton's was the right school for any girl. It was one of those where the virus of sex-hatred, disguised as jam, was spread on the pupils' bread and butter, and a good many of them, girls hitherto happy and unsuspecting, were infected with a horror of MAN. Heaven knows how far-reaching the results might have been if war had not come to knock the bottom out of the female *v.* male campaign. A good many of these foolish women are beginning to discover that a world without men would be, not a Utopia, but an Inferno. The men they had lashed themselves into loathing and despising became worthy of their admiration the moment they put on khaki. And now that they are returning wounded or maimed in the fight for "safety, honor, and welfare of our Sovereign and his Dominions" (and, incidentally, of the very women who had vilified them a month before), they have hurriedly graduated from brutes

to benefactors, heroes and demi-gods; and I predict that there'll be an autumn catch-crop of naval and military marriages that will overflow the first column of the *Times*.

We both think it fine of John to have enlisted. The life must be utterly distasteful to him after such a peaceful and well-ordered existence.

Cheer up! If a bad illness will sometimes revolutionize and purify a person's constitution, so big a thing as war may shake Sylvia up and rearrange her moral and mental mechanism. I believe all the necessary parts are there, but they aren't in proper sequence or proportion.

Yours,

Katharine.

MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE TO MRS.  
HAMILTON IN LONDON.

October 4, 1914.

My dear Katharine,—A very remarkable thing has happened. Sylvia came to me a few days ago to tell me that two old school-fellows of hers working at the G. W. W. bureau in Kenswater had written to ask her to join them in town. They want another helper in the telephone room. "So I am going," announced Sylvia. "But, my dear, I don't know anything about them," I objected. "And where will you live, and who will look after you?" "They're old Winterhaysians, mother; surely that's good enough—and what's to prevent my looking after myself? In war-time—you are always telling me things are different in war-time—I needn't have a chaperon or a maid tied to my apron-string." "I could take a flat in town," I said rather feebly, feeling that to be tied to Sylvia's apron-string might be trying. "Oh, mother, *can't* you understand? I don't want to be watched over and arranged for. It seems as if I were to get a chance of living my own life at last, and now you want to be a perfect hen

as usual. I thought you'd be glad I wanted to be useful." This was rather a facer, but it came to me suddenly that it would really be better for the child to do something more sensible than reading Bernard Shaw and painting post-impressionist smears in the old schoolroom, so I said "Very well. If I am satisfied that you are to be decently housed and fed, and not overworked, I will let you have your way."

Yesterday I went up to town with Sylvia, saw the office and the boarding-house (all oilcloth and fancy table-napkin rings—clean but *awful*) where she is to put up with the two girls she knows. I thought them unprepossessing young women of the type you dislike, and, my *dear*, they called one another by their surnames! It really annoyed me to hear Sylvia called "Jarvis"—Sylvia of all people! Then, worse still, the "Commandant" struck a match on the leg, I can only call it that, of her ultra-tight skirt and said "Damn!" when the head broke off and burned a hole in it. I was glad it burned a hole in her skirt, and wondered the Damn didn't burn a hole in her tongue.

Sylvia went off this morning and said good-bye so gladly that I sat down and cried as soon as the car was out of sight.

Yours,  
Mary.

MRS. HAMILTON IN LONDON TO MRS.  
JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE.

October 6, 1914.

Why, my dear Mary, that place Sylvia has gone to in Kenswater is a perfect nest of militant suffragettes! They *may* work better than ordinary tame women, but I doubt it. A silly creature I met the other day was talking about the G. W. W. She said "I could kiss their *feet*; they are so *noble*." I wanted to hear more, for the nobility of their feet amused me, but just then

the young woman's Pekinese puppy got entangled in her rope of pearls, and she was too deeply engaged in extricating him to give me any more of her attention. I don't believe Sylvia will stay long, so don't cry any more.

Yours,  
K.

MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE TO MRS.  
HAMILTON IN LONDON.

October 9, 1914.

My dear Katharine,—You are right—Sylvia did not like being a telephone girl, and has come home today. The "Commandant" swore at her being late one wet morning when all the 'buses were crowded, so she resigned her post. She has already sent in her name to the Secretary of the V. A. D.! How she will get on as a probationer I cannot imagine, for V. A. D. girls have a pretty bad time in some hospitals, and Sylvia is far from meek.

Mary.

MRS. HAMILTON IN LONDON TO MRS.  
JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE.

October 30, 1914.

My dear,—Humphrey has been wounded, severely, not dangerously, and as soon as ever he can be moved he will be sent over. Kenneth had the official notice first, but I got a few lines from the boy himself just now. It was a bullet wound through the lung, and he is doing well.

Yours,  
Katharine.

MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE TO MRS.  
HAMILTON IN LONDON.

October 31, 1914.

Dearest Katharine,—How dreadful for you! but I believe the waiting till you have Humphrey safe in town will be the worst part. He has such a strong constitution and such a cheery disposition that he will get well quickly. One of his lungs is as good as a pair of



most people's. . . . Sylvia left for Blacktown, where she is to train, just before your letter came. I will write and tell her about Humphrey. Perhaps she will be glad to come home some day if Blacktown is the sort of place I imagine a great industrial center in Woldshire to be.

Sometimes I feel as if I could not stand the emptiness of this big house much longer, but I manage to see John outside the camp once a week, and that helps. He looks well, very thin for him, but in good hard condition. He isn't at all happy, poor dear, for he isn't elastic-minded enough to accept the strange conditions of his present life easily. He hears his battalion is to be sent to Northshire soon. In that case I shall go up there, for it is something to be within reach of one another, and in a place where nobody knows us I think he will feel less awkward than he does here. There is no humor in the present situation for him. At the front he would feel useful and inconspicuous. Here he is conscious all the time that his contemporaries in these parts think him quixotic and just a little ridiculous.

When Humphrey arrives please send me a post card to say how he stood the journey. Of course you are brave; you have so much fighting blood, but, if you should really want me, wire, and I'll go and spend a week with you.

Yours ever,

Mary.

SYLVIA JARVIS AT BLACKTOWN TO  
MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE.

November 10, 1914.

Dear Mother,—This is a beastly place, but when I'm not on duty I'm chiefly in bed. Will you send me those hideous strong slippers with low heels I used to wear after I sprained my ankle, and, please, a very big box of *marrons glacés*. The food is plentiful

and disgusting, and, of course, it's against the rules to smoke. The streets are filthy and crowded with smudgy people, and when I am forced by the rules to go out I walk in the dreary suburbs. I have never reached the country—if there is any—yet, and I actually pine for the clean, dull Downs. Don't tell Dad, or he would expect me to take long walks with him when he has given up playing at soldiers. He must be pretty well fed up with it by this time. I mean to stick this training business as long as I can, for there is something about hospital work I like, but most of the ward sisters lead us probationers a dog's life. Mine is fairly decent so far. Ta-ta.

Yours,

Sylvia.

P.S.—Bad luck for Humphrey, but he is such a bovine old thing he is sure to be a good patient, and his mother will love fussing over him.

MRS. HAMILTON IN LONDON TO MRS.  
JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE

December 15, 1914.

My dear Mary,—Your visit wasn't half long enough—indeed I can't believe you were here a week. K. and I miss you badly, and Humphrey was quite pettish when I went into his room at breakfast time this morning and told him you had rushed home by the 8.50 so as to make a triumphal arch or scrub the dogs in honor of John's first home-coming. "I hope she'll come back," he said. "I never noticed before how pretty she was. She's rather like Sylvia. Was she ever as pretty?" I said you were far prettier, because you were always so gay and natural—"Oh, well, Mum, perhaps it was natural for her to be gay. You see, Sylvia's tremendously clever, and clever people aren't so easily amused or pleased, are they?" It's funny that both John and Hum-

phrey regard Sylvia as "tremendously clever." It's their modesty, I suppose. Love from us all to you both. I can imagine John in the gun-room smothered in dogs and smoking a dreadful old pipe, and you close by with the firelight flickering on your dear face and peace in your heart.

Your loving  
Katharine.

MRS. JARVIS AT NORTHCASTLE TO  
MRS. HAMILTON IN LONDON.

April 10, 1915.

My dear Katharine,—John's regiment is likely to be here for endless ages, so he has volunteered for service abroad in the Hillshire Fusiliers—the battalion that is here now. There are all sorts of rumors floating about, but I *think* he goes to the Mediterranean. He has been so restless lately that I am almost glad he is going out, and yet "my heart is like water." I want to get him heaps of useful things, but he is only a corporal, and a corporal has nowhere to put extras. However, I am having a miniature done for him, and I'll send him weekly parcels full of comforts once he gets to—wherever it is. I have wired to Sylvia's Commandant to ask her to give the child leave to run up and see her father before he starts; it is only a two hours' journey. John's new regiment is confined to barracks now.

Yours always  
Mary.

P.S.—A wire from Sylvia to say she cannot possibly get away, and I can't help wondering if she tried to. I shall hate telling John. I forgot to say how glad I am Humphrey has been passed fit for service at the front, but it is hard to congratulate you.

CORPORAL JOHN JARVIS, GALLIPOLI,  
TO MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE.

June 7, 1915.

My darling Mary,—I have had one

letter from you so far. There must be a big bundle hung up somewhere.

Katharine has plenty of pluck, but it's hard for her to let Humphrey go out again. I am glad in a way we have no sons. I'm willing to do all the fighting for the family and if I get knocked on the head no one will be a penny the worse except you Mary for you have never seemed to notice what a dull old farmer I am. Sometimes I shut my eyes and try to see the Downs the colors they are in June with the little white clouds making shadows on them, but I can't fancy I smell the wild time. There are lots of smells here but none of them are nice. Even if the censor would pass it there's no use trying to describe what's going on here and anyway I only know my own little bit. The flies are worse than the fighting. I'm glad I got my wait down before I came out and that I'm quite fit. I wonder if Janus and Jane have forgotten me. Pat Jupiter for me—He's such a knowing old beast he'll understand if you just say *from Master*. And give kind messages to everybody. Dear Mary I am rather homesick sometimes but I don't regret anything. I couldn't *not* have joined and you never tried to keep me, bless you. Try and get more of the Chalkleigh men to join. I'm disappointed in the farmers it's all bosh about girls not being able to milk. Does Syl ever ask about me. Of course she is too busy to write so don't let her think I notice she doesn't.

Your loving old  
John.

MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE TO SYLVIA  
AT BLACKTOWN.

June 20, 1915.

My dear Child,—Do write just a few lines to your father. He is quite well, but I think rather depressed, and he would value a letter from you so much. I enclose one of the printed

envelopes I always use when writing to him.

Your loving  
Mother.

MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE TO CORPORAL JARVIS AT GALLIPOLI.

June 20.

My dear old John,—I shall post a letter every day, so that you may get plenty, even if they do reach you in bundles and some not at all. . . . I believe Sylvia *really* cares for Humphrey. I do wish she had seen him when he was at home. He has quite *grown up* and dropped his schoolboy ways and is a very fine fellow and, I am told, an excellent officer. He told me when I was in town in December that he had asked Sylvia to marry him a couple of days before he went to the front, but she never answered his letter. Well, when she was on leave the other day she asked quite a lot of questions about him and then pretended she wasn't interested in the answers, and one day I found her petting that old setter of his, Drake, that I am keeping for him as the caretaker at the Grange didn't give him enough exercise, and, John, I am *quite certain* she had been crying, but I was afraid to say anything because she would have been furious if she thought I had noticed. I don't believe she has cried for years. Perhaps her hospital work has broken up the ice in her heart. . . . Here is a bit of thyme off the Downs. I'll put a sprig or two in every letter till the lavender is in bloom, and then you shall have that instead. Jupiter did understand when I said "From Master," for he went and snuffed and scratched at the gun-room door and whined till I couldn't bear it.

I wonder if you have seen Humphrey yet—to speak to, I mean. It is odd that you should be in the battalion he was transferred to. He

may feel awkward at first about your being in the ranks, but he is such a sensible boy that after your first meeting it will be all right, and he will contrive to see you when and where military rank doesn't count.

Those little Scotch firs you thought were in too dry a place are looking quite cheerful in spite of a nearly rainless spring. They must have got their roots into good soil. The spruces on the ridge are doing famously, but spruces are so easily pleased. You used to laugh at me and my hens, but they have laid 4000 eggs in ten weeks, more than half of which went to military hospitals. No one seems to have discovered a breed that will lay at a time when ordinary hens stop. Perhaps Australian hens would fill the gap if they were sufficiently homesick to stick to their old habits after being imported, but I don't know how to set about importing them.

Your loving  
Mary.

SYLVIA JARVIS AT BLACKTOWN TO CORPORAL JOHN JARVIS AT GALLIPOLI.

July 3, 1915.

Dear Dad,—You seem to be having a rotten time at Gallipoli, judging by the papers. I don't get much time to read them, for we are kept pretty busy, and when the hospital isn't full the management invents tasks for the V.A.D.s instead of giving us longer outings. I like most of the work, and I made up my mind in January that I'd stick it. Our Commandant is a very decent old body, but one ward sister (professional) I was under was the limit. She used to wake the patients up in the middle of the night to ask if they wanted anything, and I can tell you it took a bit of doing to keep my temper. I had to, for I was her probationer, but to see her going round the two

wards of forty beds each disturbing the poor Tommies made me simply rage.

Do you ever see Humphrey, or is he too great a man to condescend to converse with a corporal? Bar chaff, Dad, I think it was ripping of you to go into the ranks, and I'm sorry I jeered. I think I wanted whipping when I was a kid, but I suppose parents never whip "onlies." I am getting all my whippings now, so you and mother are being avenged, and I think the treatment is peeling off some of my tough little hide—that and nursing these plucky Tommies; but I've no doubt I shall be wicked again when the war is over and we're all doddering along again in the old way at Chalkleigh. Buck up, Dad, and get your sergeant's stripe.

Your affectionate

Sylvia.

MRS. JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE TO MRS.  
HAMILTON IN LONDON.

July 15, 1915.

Katharine,—John was killed on the 12th. That is all I know. He'll never see the Downs again, nor his horses and dogs and the new plantations, and he loved them all so and hated being a soldier. I suppose I shall be able some day to think of him as free and happy where there are no troubles and disappointments—but not yet. He was so happy here, and we were such friends, and I can't think how he is going to get on without me.

Mary.

CAPTAIN HUMPHREY HAMILTON AT  
GALLIPOLI TO MRS. JARVIS IN  
DOWNSHIRE.

July 14, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Jarvis,—This is a very hard letter to write, and perhaps when you have read it you will never want to see me again. I got Mr. Jarvis

transferred to my company because I thought it would make things a little easier for him. He never quite got used to the men's ways, and there wasn't anyone in his company he could make a pal of, whereas there were several gentlemen in mine. You will have seen about the attack by combined British and French at Helles. It was in that. He was quite close to me when I was knocked out of time by the concussion of a shell in a rush on the enemy's trenches. I was only stunned, but I should have been left lying there but for him. A man who saw it all tells me Mr. Jarvis went back from the captured Turkish trench, after the position had been consolidated along with a private who had volunteered to go with him, and they set to work to get me into safety. How they did it I don't know, for I'm nearly twelve stone and was a dead weight. But somehow they got me away from what had been No Man's Land and under cover, but just as we were coming round a traverse into the bay a bit of shrapnel got him and missed me and the private. When I came to myself Mr. Jarvis and I were lying side by side in the trench, and of course I didn't know what had happened, or that he had saved my life. I could see he was awfully bad, but he was conscious and seemed to be watching me, waiting for me to come to, I suppose, for they had found out I was only stunned. He just managed to say "Marry Sylvia. . . . Love to Mary," and then his eyes closed. I think he had *made* himself live till he could speak to me, and then let himself go.

We had had one or two chances of a talk since he came to my company, which was only the other day, and I can't imagine what made him say that about Sylvia, for it had been always about you and Chalkleigh that we talked before. I wish I thought I

had a dog's chance of marrying her, but it seemed rather final her never answering that letter of mine.

It's no use my trying to tell you what I feel about Mr. Jarvis. His life was so much more valuable than mine. Don't think I don't know that. And he'd always been such a brick to me. Do you remember, he gave me my first dog—Pincher—when I was six, and when Pincher died he gave me the gray pony that's white now and mows the lawn.

Your affectionate

Humphrey.

The letter I enclose was in his pocket. I am sending you the few little things you will care to have, but your miniature was broken and spoiled. I had it buried with him. I thought you would both like that best.

FROM SYLVIA JARVIS IN DOWNSHIRE  
TO CAPTAIN HUMPHREY HAMILTON  
AT GALLIPOLI.

August 3, 1915.

Dear Old Humphrey,—Mother showed me your letter, and she told me you had told her you wanted to marry me. I have been a perfect beast to all the people who have cared most for me—Dad and Mother and you. I don't deserve anything good to happen to me, only I am  
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afraid it would be punishing you as well as myself if I said I wouldn't marry you, and I don't want to hurt anybody any more. When I think that the only decent letter I ever wrote Dad never reached him— Oh, Humphrey, do you think there is a post in heaven, and that *too late* letters like mine are delivered?

I know mother is writing to you herself, but she will like me to tell you what she said to me yesterday: "I am glad your father died like that. No other death could be so fine. He gave his life for Humphrey's." So you see, dear, your life is poor Dad's wedding present to me.

In the letter you found in his pocket he said he was so glad to hear what mother had somehow guessed—I mean that I *really* cared for you. His exact words were "It will be bad luck if the boy is killed. I'll keep an eye on him as well as I can for Syl's sake, but it isn't likely I'll get the chance to be of use."

Your mother, who is here, said to me just now, "So long as you care for Humphrey as much as he does for you, and *will let him know it*, you and I will never quarrel." This letter is to let you know it. All the barbed wire is down, and I am for ever and ever

Yours

Sylvia.

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### AMERICA PREPARING.

Whether designed or not, the arrival in France, after a perilous encounter with enemy submarines, of an American expeditionary force, on the eve of the first international celebration of the Fourth of July, is an event which has struck the popular imagination. In the countries of the Allies the multitude could not be expected to

realize the entry of the United States into the war until General Pershing was actually in command of American troops in Europe. Now that this significant event has occurred, and England and France have united in paying official tribute to America on Independence Day, we may take it for granted that the allied peoples, and



those also of the Central Empires, have awakened to the momentous fact that the isolation of America is at an end. Not only is the United States now an active belligerent, but she must be counted an active member of the European family of nations, and her democracy is committed to the responsibilities of world-citizenship. It is the simple truth that the whole future of the Transatlantic republics, indeed, of Europe and of civilization, must be different by reason of the decisions which have been taken and the policy initiated from Washington during the past few months and now made effective. So much the public in general now understands. And confidence grows that, America being in the conflict, she is in it in full and to the end—for the sake of the decision, the peace, and the ultimate settlement. It cannot, however, be said that in this country there is much actual knowledge of the manner in which the Washington Government is adjusting itself to the new situation, of the progress that is being made in the immense and unprecedented task of organizing the Republic for war.

The salient facts in relation to the military and naval situation are not difficult to summarize. Critics of the Wilson Administration have asserted continually for the past five years that, despite the advancing peril from Europe, the Navy under Mr. Josephus Daniels has been allowed to fall into a condition of impaired efficiency contrasting painfully with its condition ten years ago. That is, perhaps naturally, Mr. Roosevelt's contention. It is denied emphatically by the President and the heads of the Navy Department. We in England are accustomed to the disputes of rival schools of naval experts, and have learned that their contentions must often be discounted. As regards America, we know that facilities for

extensive shipbuilding are not yet in existence, and therefore that time must elapse before the great naval program adopted by Congress last year can be carried into effect. For the rest, the available evidence is thoroughly satisfactory as to the soundness and competence of the American Navy, and it cannot be doubted that Mr. Daniels's much-criticised efforts to improve its *moral* have had excellent results.

The organization of the American Army presents a problem of extreme interest and importance. Until the institution, in September, of compulsory service, or what the Americans prefer to call the Selective Draft, the military forces of America will consist of the old regular Army, increased by recent recruiting to a figure approaching a quarter of a million, and the Militia, or National Guard, which is made up according to the statutory quota exacted from each State. Varying conclusions, as we should expect, are drawn from the results of the recent recruiting campaign. To the advocates of compulsion those results afford overwhelming proof that the United States could never hope to obtain by the voluntary system an adequate army for foreign service. Their opponents reply that recruiting cannot be carried on effectively while the Executive is pressing and the Legislature debating a measure of compulsory national service. It is, of course, true that, from the moment of his decision in March, the President was committed to conscription, and accordingly the recruiting went forward, somewhat brokenly, without the stimulus of a national appeal such as Mr. Wilson knows better than most statesmen how to give. It might not be entirely fair to say that the raising without the draft of the Army to the figure set in last year's Act was not anticipated or wished for; but

manifestly there was little enthusiasm displayed in the campaign. Mr. Wilson, meanwhile, has accomplished the amazing feat of imposing compulsory service upon the United States after the briefest period of debate. There has been nothing like this in the history of any self-governing nation. On June 5th the men between 21 and 31 years of age, without the formality of individual notice or any house-to-house activity, presented themselves at the registration offices. Nine and a half millions were enrolled. By the end of the summer the selective draft is to take, for the first American conscript army, a force of 625,000 men from this great citizen reserve; and it is estimated that before the close of the year thirty camps each planned for the accommodation of an army division, will be established throughout the country. And already the officers' training camps, filled by many thousands of enthusiastic recruits from the cities and the universities, are in vigorous operation. In a word, the country which was once the least military of all great Powers in the modern world has taken a first long step towards the European form of national organization in arms.

Military preparation, however, is at most only one half the business of national organization for war, and in America it must be much less than that. Confronted by the challenge of the crisis, the United States is now engaged in building up an immense machinery of civil and industrial mobilization; that is a task similar to the one which has absorbed the energies of England for three years. There can be no reasonable doubt as to the superiority, especially in times of emergency, of our Cabinet and Parliamentary system over that of America. We know, for example, the advantage of having an Executive

responsible to the elected Assembly—although, in point of fact, we have in great measure thrown the advantage away. In practice, too, it has been shown that the English system is capable of indefinite expansion and adaptation without the sacrifice of constitutional principle. The question which every student of constitutional forms in America is asking is: How will the American system of Congressional government come out of this supreme test? Experience alone can provide the answer. Today the Federal capital is witnessing a remarkable expansion of Government activity and the creation of almost innumerable special authorities and advisory committees. The declaration of a state of war was followed immediately by the nomination of the Council of National Defense, consisting of six Cabinet Ministers, and this again by the creation of an Advisory Commission to the Council, composed of seven expert directors, empowered to deal with munitions, transport, and other essential public services. A Shipping Board was formed to deal with the problem that is, for the Allies, the most urgent of all; and Mr. Herbert C. Hoover brought to the office of Federal Food Commissioner the unequalled experience which he has accumulated as director of the great international work of Belgian relief. The tendency, natural enough in the circumstances, and not materially affected by the constant admonition to "learn from England's mistakes," has been to multiply the subordinate committees, directors, and commissions, and to produce in Washington an atmosphere of almost unlimited officialism and bureaucratic energy. It is recognized, too, that not sufficient care has been taken to separate or co-ordinate executive authority. Thus, General Goethals, of Panama Canal fame, was placed in charge of the scheme for building

wooden ships (in which, by the way, he is an avowed unbeliever), and found himself unable to avoid conflict with the Shipping Board. Such confusions, however, are the inevitable accompaniments of an improvised machine, and their solution or correction can only be worked out by the principle of trial and error. With all its defects, the American system should make possible a more rapid and complete mobilization of capacity and resources than we were enabled to accomplish.

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rection can only be worked out by the principle of trial and error. With all its defects, the American system should make possible a more rapid and complete mobilization of capacity and resources than we were enabled to accomplish.

## THE VOTE.

"And now," I said, "that you've got your dear vote, what are you going to do with it?"

"If," said Francesca, "you'll promise to treat it as strictly confidential I'll tell you."

"There you are," I said. "Unless you can make a secret out of it you take no pleasure in it. You're just like a lot of girls who——"

"I'm not. I'm not even like one girl. I wish I was."

"I don't. I like your mature intellect. I can't do without your balanced judgment."

"Thanks; it's pleasant to be appreciated as one deserves. And now I'll tell you what I'm going to do with my vote. When the time comes I shall take it with me into what's called a polling-booth, and I shall demand a piece of paper, and then—yes, then I shall destroy the sanctity of the home and neglect my children, and, incidentally, I shall break up the Empire, and do all the other dreadful things that you and the others have been prophesying; and I shall do them simply by making a cross opposite the name of the candidate who's got the nicest eyes and the prettiest mustache. That's what I shall do with my vote. I shall vote with it by ballot. What else could I do?"

"Great Heaven! Francesca, how can you be so frivolous? Are you aware that politics, in which you are now to play a part however humble, are a serious matter?"

"I know," she said, "and that is why they'll be all the better for an occasional touch of lightness. There's some Latin quotation about Apollo, isn't there, my Public School and University man? Well, I'm all for that."

"But," I said, "you don't know how dangerous it is to be light and humorous at public meetings or in the House of Commons. A man gets a reputation for that sort of thing, and then he's expected to keep it up; and, anyhow, it gives him no influence, however funny he may be. The other men laugh at him, but distrust him profoundly."

"Pooh!" said Francesca. "That's all very well for men—they have little humor and no wit—"

"My dear Francesca, how can you venture to fly in the face of all experience——"

"Men's experience," she said; "it doesn't count. You've often said that smoking-room stories are the dullest in the world."

"How you do dart about," I said, "from subject to subject. Just now you were in a polling-booth and now you're in a smoking-room."

"And heartily ashamed to be found there—stale tobacco and staler stories. Why have a smoking-room at all when everybody's grandmother has her own cigarette-case and her own special brand of cigarettes?"

"We ought rather," I said, "to have two smoking-rooms to every house,

one for me and the likes of me and the other for the grandmothers."

"Segregating the sexes again! Surely if we have mixed bathing we may have mixed smoking."

"And mixed voting," I said.

"That is no real concession. We have wrung it from you because of the force and reasonableness of our case."

"Say rather the force and Christableness of your case."

"Anyhow, we've got it."

"And now that you've got it you don't really care for it."

"We do, we do."

"You don't. It's not one of the important subjects you and your friends talk about after you've quite Punch.

definitely got up to go and said good-bye to one another."

"What," said Francesca, "does this man mean?"

"He means," I said, "those delightful and lingering committee meetings, when you have nearly separated and suddenly remember all the subjects you have forgotten."

"Now," she said, "you are really funny."

"I'm a man and can only do my best."

"That's the pity of it; but now you've got the women to help you."

"So I have. Well, *au revoir* in the polling-booth."

"Anyhow, *à bas* the smoking-room."

*R. C. Lehmann.*

## IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY.

### PEOPLE TIRED OF THE WAR.

*A competent neutral observer, who has recently returned from a long stay in Germany sends us the following impressions:—*

It is difficult in a short report to give an accurate picture of the present situation in Germany; there is so much that must be described as unfavorable to Germany and yet at the same time so much that still indicates strength. To begin with the railway traffic. There is not much choice in traveling. The number of through trains is extremely restricted, but, on the other hand, they leave and arrive punctually. The traveler who misses a direct connection, however, is to be pitied for he may then have to take days on a journey which he could formerly have accomplished in a few hours. Even when no such difficulty arises a journey in a through or other passenger train is at present by no means a pleasure though it last but a few hours. The carriages vie with each other in dirtiness and bad

repair. Everything indicates neglect.

This is not surprising, for the demands made on the German railways are enormous. Almost everywhere in the territory occupied by the Central Powers in the Balkans German locomotives and other railway material are exclusively employed.

The number of women guards increases steadily. In very many cases they are badly acquainted with their duties and have no better answer to give than, "*Es tut mir leid, mein Herr; ich fahre die Strecke selbst zum ersten Mal.*" (I'm sorry, Sir; it's the first time I've done this journey myself.) One sees women employed on railways not only as guards, as formerly, but as brakemen and artisans. Once at a railway junction I saw a whole crowd standing together. They wore long thick overcoats for the nights which were then still cool, their hair brushed back under the regulation caps, the bag with tools and other necessities over the shoulder.

Where a number of male colleagues was mingled with the group it was hardly possible to distinguish between them. There was no distinction in the matter of uniform, and only in the case of the women one noticed peeping out under the heavy overcoats smaller feet less stoutly shod than those of the men.

One already hears anxiety expressed concerning the future of these women workers. On the one hand, the women have become independent and will be less amenable to the ordinary requirements of family life. On the other, it is believed that the opportunity of employment will be small after the war, so that those who are obliged to continue to provide for their own subsistence will hardly be able to maintain themselves. Moral deterioration will be the inevitable consequence of this state of things. There is already much complaint about the moral conduct of the women workers. I was told that in Westphalia, where prisoners of war and women work together in the mines, the most deplorable condition of things prevails.

Much traveling takes place in Germany at the present time, the number of officers and soldiers in the trains being legion. Those in the ordinary trains are mainly men on furlough. It is remarkable how few troop transports one notices. The mysterious way in which these are carried out may be described as really a success. When I had to wait some hours for a connection at a station where I had to change one night I sat talking pleasantly enough with some soldiers, who were the majority of the people there. It is certainly incredible how communicative they are. I got to hear all kinds of details about the use of ammunition, which did not remain long in my recollection, but which would most certainly have formed food for a spy.

Although one constantly reads that

the soldiers as well as the whole population are tired of the war I should not be at all prepared to assert that the soldiers give the impression of being discouraged by the situation. In general they looked tired but well fed. A very quiet but still quite cheerful tone prevails whenever one sees a large number of soldiers sitting together in a train or waiting-room. There are still plenty of jokers among them, as in the case of the man who said to me—his good humor might have led one to suppose he came from Berlin—explaining the flower in a comrade's buttonhole that he was a war bridegroom:—"Kriegsbrauen is' ganz nett, aber wenn du wieder kommst dann hast du sie." (A war wedding is very nice, but when you return you still have her.)

When I left the waiting-room where in the night I had made these studies, my eye caught in a corner by the door the prettiest little picture I have ever seen of German militarism. At the dimly-lighted table sat a group of the miniature cadets whom one can see nowhere else than in Germany—children of eight or nine years, almost buried under their caps, which are obviously made in one size only, and which came down over the ears of these little boys. They nibbled sleepily at crusts of "war bread," and would certainly much rather have been tucked up in their little beds. One of them could not restrain his tears, and I heard his querulous little voice ask something of one of the other cadets whose cap fitted him somewhat better, and who evidently had supervision over the others. I did not hear what the commandant answered, but it did not fail of its effect. The little mite drew himself up in all the pride of his youthful military dignity. Had the chief said to him, perhaps, "I must mention it to Hindenburg?"

That the German people suffer



from want is undoubted, and almost without exception the population is declining in weight, mainly from want of food, while the state of continual nervous tension to which people have actually come acts injuriously on their physical condition. In the great towns it is often almost impossible for the housewife to get a meal together, while one can certainly no longer expect a great variety of food. The Germans now have young vegetables, but for several weeks turnips were a standing dish. The Berliners have a well-known joke about it. "You are a lawyer," said an acquaintance beside me as I sat at table. "Can you tell me what the German Reichsgericht (Imperial Law Court) is?" I said that it was the Supreme Court of Appeal at Leipzig. "Well, no!" he said pointing jocularly to a dish with this modern human food, which had just been put upon the table. "The Reichsgericht (Imperial dish) is turnips." The joke lies in the punning use of the word "Gericht" which means both "Law Court" and a "course" or dish of food.

There is a great difference between town and country in regard to the food difficulty. The farmers are able to hold out best in the matter of food. As far as bread is concerned, they are in the same position as all Germany, but for the rest they rejoice in unknown hidden stores which they would not give up for love or money to their necessitous brethren in the towns. For this reason they are not in very good odor. Strong measures were lately taken to trace these hidden stores and to confiscate them, soldiers and officers being employed for this purpose. Very great fear exists, however, that if the farmers are too much pressed they will not put forth all their efforts, for farmers are stubborn folk.

There is a shortage of other things also. Small change is extremely

scarce. There is much put into circulation, but it disappears again immediately. No one can say precisely where it remains, but it is suspected that the agricultural population bury it in the earth in order not to have to change it for paper.

The large numbers of war prisoners employed on the land as laborers are mostly French and Russians. Both give satisfaction. The French are the most appreciated. My impression was that the prisoners of war working on the land have an excellent life.

The English prisoners whom I came across in great numbers when I was in the Western industrial region are badly spoken of. They are considered sullen and unmanageable. The Germans do not seem to have an idea that their bearing must be regarded as an expression of national pride which will not admit of doing service for the enemy. One could wish that most of the prisoners were put into new clothes for once, for they often seem to be in rags. But it is questionable whether the Germans themselves are much better off. No article of clothing is now to be had without a clothes card.

The other regulations are not less drastic. Toilet soap has now become so costly that home-made soap is made out of butter, which, it is true, is extremely scarce, but is still provided. Those who have no money to buy the extremely dear article must use a powdered earth which can only be made to lather with the utmost difficulty, and which long after being used leaves a nasty smell behind.

I will, however, leave the subject of domestic cares and give my impression of the mental state of the population. Germany is tired of the war—there is no question about that. In spite of themselves the Germans long ardently for peace. One hears nothing more of the lust of conquest; but I must say that I have never heard anybody

in Germany say, "We must give it up," I do not know what the people imagine will be the end of the war, and I believe they do not know themselves. They are depressed, and how can it be otherwise with the frightful losses that they have suffered? I know cases of young men who are the sole survivors of the class with which they left school. There is not a municipal, police, or railway office where one does not see bending over a desk a woman in black who has lost her breadwinner and who must now provide a precarious subsistence for herself. I have never heard terms of reproach associated with the name of the Kaiser, any more than with those of the statesmen of lower rank, although a general Democratic, if not Socialistic, spirit has penetrated the people. I have heard dignified men of high position say that all this fuss about princes must be done away with after the war—that the times would not admit of so much money being wasted in this way any more. The worst is expected of the demands which the people, especially the soldiers returning from the field, will make after the war.

There is no question of the prevalence of a revolutionary spirit in Germany, but that there is sometimes tension here and there is a fact. Popular entertainments are given regularly in all towns to which the people can go without payment. We have returned to the days of old Rome—rather less bread but more circuses. *The Times.*

The late spring, which made an early harvest impossible, caused much disappointment. One often heard it said with emphasis, "No, we cannot go through another winter."

On my return from Germany someone asked me, "Whom do they abuse the most?" He meant which country do the Germans say the worst things about. I answered: "They abuse the *Algimex* most." The *Algimex* is the central body which trades with foreign countries and looks after the distribution at home. There is not a German who believes anything about the great imports which are said to take place from Denmark and Holland. "We see nothing of them; they let them spoil, as has happened with so many supplies already. That is the fault of the Jews of the *Algimex*," they say, for it is asserted that none but Jews are attached to that body and that they do business together and help their friends to nice little careers, for which purpose they are exempted from military service. But to answer the question as it was meant—England must console herself for losing first place in the matter of being hated. America now stands at the top. The explanation of the intervention of America is generally this—America was afraid that England would not win and was then alarmed about her ammunition orders. That is why she came in; but also because she wanted to sit at the green table when the peace negotiations came on.

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### THE COCKNEY IN HOSPITAL.

A certain Cockney of the slums, Bert, was an acquaintance of mine before the war, and from him I gleaned some vague knowledge of his kind. I did not guess how intimate was soon to be my association with a multitude of the

Berts of the world. I was to be their servant, to wait upon them, to perform menial tasks for them, to wash them and dress them and undress them, to carry them in my arms. In my own ward, and elsewhere in the hospital, I

came in close contact with many Cockneys. Even when one had not precisely "placed" a patient of this description, the relatives who came to him on visiting-days gave the clue. The mother was sometimes a "flower-girl"; the sweetheart, with a very feathered hat, and hair which evidently lived in curling-pins except on great occasions, probably worked in a factory. These people, if the patient were confined to bed, sat beside him and talked in a subdued, throaty whisper. But I have seen the same sort of patient, well enough to walk about, meet his folk at the hospital gate. There is a crowd at the hospital gate, passing in and going out; hosts of patients are waiting, some in wheeled chairs and some seated on the iron fence which fringes the drive. The reunions which occur at that gate are exceedingly public.

In a higher class there is here restraint and a rather stupid bashfulness. I have seen a wounded youngster flush apprehensively and only peek his mother in return for her sobbing embrace. That is not Bert's way. He knows—he is no fool—that his mother looks a trifle absurd as, with bonnet awry, she surges perspiring past the sentries. But he hobbles sprily to meet her, and his salute is no mere peek, but a smacking kiss, so noisy that it makes everyone laugh. He laughs too; but the main thing is that he has managed to please his mother. She is sniffing loudly, yet laughing also, and one could want no better picture of human affection than this of Bermondsey Bert and his shapeless, work-distorted, maybe bibulous-looking mother, exchanging that resounding and ungraceful kiss at the hospital gate. I have heard Bert shout "Mother!" from a hundred yards off, when he spied her coming through the gate. No false shame there! No smug "good form" in that—nor in the

time-honored jest which follows: "And 'ave you remembered to bring me a bottle of beer, mother?" (Of course visitors are not allowed to introduce alcohol into the hospital—otherwise I am afraid there is no doubt that mother would have obliged.) In one of our wards we harbored for a while a costermonger. This coster, an entertaining and plucky creature who had to have a leg amputated, received no callers on visiting-day—his own relatives were dead, and he and his wife had separated. "Couldn't 'it it orf," he explained, and with laudable impartiality added: "Married beneath 'er, she did w'en she married me." As the lady was herself a coster, it was plain that here, as in other grades of society, there are degrees, conventions, and barriers which may not be lightly overstepped. "Sister," however, thought that the patient should inform his wife that he had lost a leg, and prevailed on him to send her a letter to that effect. A few days later he was asked: "Well, did you write and tell your wife you had lost a leg?" "Yus." "I suppose she's answered? What has she said?" "Said I'm a liar!" Her retort had neither disconcerted nor offended him. He was a philosopher—and, like so many of his kind, a laughing philosopher. When he was sufficiently recovered from his operation to get about on crutches he was the wag of the ward. He took a special delight in those practical jokes which are invented by patients to tease the nurses, and devoted the most painstaking ingenuity to their preparation. It was he who found a small hole in the lath-and-plaster wall which separates the ward from the ward's kitchen. Through this hole a length of cotton was passed and tied to the handle of a mug on the kitchen shelf. At this period, owing to the Zeppelin raids, only the barest minimum of light was

allowed, and the night nurse, when she entered the kitchen, went into almost complete darkness. No sooner was she in the kitchen and fumbling for what she required than a faint noise—that of the cup being twitched by the cotton leading to the mischievous coster's bed—arose on the shelf, and convinced her that she was in the presence of a mouse. She retreated, and perhaps if any convalescent patient had been awake she would have enlisted his aid to expel the mouse; but in the ward the patients were, as one man, snoring vociferously. It was this slightly overdone snoring, at the finish, which gave birth to suspicions and caused the trick to be detected.

The night nurses do not have a placid time of it if their patients are at the stage of recovery when spirits begin to rise and the early slumber-hour which the hospital rules prescribe is not welcome. String-actuated knaveries, more or less similar to the mouse-in-the-kitchen one, are always devised for the plaguing of a new night nurse. Sometimes in the dead of night, when utter silence broods over the ward, the gramophone will abruptly burst into raucous music—its mechanism has been released by a contrivance which gives no clue to the crime's perpetrator. The flustered nurse gropes her way down the ward and stops the gramophone, every patient meanwhile sitting up in bed and protesting against her cruelty in having awakened them by starting it. Half-an-hour after the ward has quieted down, the other gramophone (some wards own two) whirs off into impudent song—it also has been primed. Nurse is wiser on future occasions: she stows the gramophones, when she comes on duty, where no one can tamper with them. Even so, she may have her nerves preyed upon by eerie tinklings, impossible to locate in the darkness: these are caused by two

knives, hung from a nail fixed high up in the rafters. By jiggling a string, which is conducted over another rafter and down the wall to his pillow, the patient makes the knife-blades clash. Sometimes two strings, leading to different beds, complete this instrument of torture. After a determined search, nurse finds one string, and, having cut it, flatters herself that she has got the better of her enemies. Not a bit of it. She has scarcely settled in her chair again before the tinklings recommence. The second string is in action; and as she hunts about the ward for the source of the melody in the ceiling, muffled convulsions of mirth, from the dim rows of beds, furnish evidence that her naughty charges are not getting the repose which they require, and to ensure which is part of the purpose of her presence.

A nurse who happens to be unpopular never has these pranks played upon her. They are in the nature of a compliment. Nor do they occur in a ward where there is a patient seriously ill. It is impossible to imagine war-hospital patients acting inconsiderately towards a distressed comrade. This observation renders all the more amusing the scandalized concern which I once beheld on the demure physiognomy of a visiting clergyman when he gathered the drift of certain allusions to a case on the Danger List.

The name of the Danger List explains itself. When a patient is put on the Danger List his relatives are sent for, and may be with him whether it is the visiting afternoon or not. (If they come from the provinces, they are presented with a railway pass, and, if poor, are allotted lodgings near the hospital, a grant being made to them from our Benevolent Fund.) For the information of the V.A.D.'s who answer visitors' questions in the Inquiry Bureau at the main entrance

to the hospital, a copy of the Danger List hangs there, and it is on record that an awestruck child, seeing this column of patients' names, and reading the heading, asked: "What does 'Danger List' mean? Does it mean that it's dangerous to go near them?" Now, in Ward C22 a patient, a Cockney, was on the Danger List—which circumstance availed nothing to depress his spirits. In spite of considerable pain, he poked fun at the prospect of his own imminent demise, and was himself the chief offender against the edict of quietness which "Sister" had issued for her ward. He *would* talk; and he *would* talk about undertakers, post-mortems, epitaphs, and the details of a military funeral. "That there top note of the 'Last Post' on the bugle doesn't 'arf sound proper," he said—a verdict which anyone who has heard this beautiful and inspired fanfare, which is the farewell above a soldier's grave, and which ends on a soaring treble, will endorse. "But," he went on, "if the bugler's 'ad a drop o' somethin' warm on the way to the cemetery, that there top note always reminds me of a 'iccup. An' if 'e 'iccupps over me, I shall wanter spit in 'is eye, blimey if I won't." This persiflage had been going on for a couple of days, and getting to be more and more elaborate, and allusive, infecting the entire ward, so that the fact that the man was on the Danger List had become a kind of catchword amongst his fellows. Entered, in all innocence, the clergyman. ("The very bloke to put me up to all the tricks"—from the irreverent one.) At the same moment a walking patient, also a Cockney, who had been reading a newspaper, gave vent to a cry of feigned horror. "Boys!" he announced, "it says 'ere there's a shortage of timber!" Guffaws greeted this sally. Everyone saw the innuendo at once—everyone except the clergyman,

and when he grasped the point, that Ol' Chum So-and-so was on the Danger List, and a shortage of timber was supposed to imply that he might be done out of a coffin, he was visibly shocked. Perhaps he did not understand Cockney humor. . . . However, one may add that our irrepressible friend, at the moment of writing, is off the Danger List (albeit only after a protracted struggle with the Enemy at whom he jeered) and is now contriving to be as funny about Life as he was funny—and fearless—about Death.

I caught sight today of another Cockney acquaintance of mine, whose Christian name is Bill, trundling himself down the hospital drive in a wheeled chair. Perched on the knee of his one leg, with its feet planted on the stump which is all that is left of the other, was his child, aged four. Beside him walked his wife, resplendent in a magenta blouse and a hat with green and pink plumes. The trio looked happy, and Mrs. Bill's gala attire was symbolical. When Bill was in my ward he, too, was on the Danger List. I remember that when he first came to us, before his operation, and before he took a turn for the worse, his wife visited him in that same magenta blouse (or another equally startling), and that for some reason she and "Sister" did not quite hit it off, "had words," and subsequently for a period were not on speaking terms. Later, when Bill underwent his operation and began to sink, his bed was moved out on to the ward's veranda. Here his wife (now wearing a subdued blouse) sat beside him, hour after hour, while Little Bill, the child, towed a cheap wooden engine up and down the grass patch, oblivious to the ordeal through which his parents were passing. It was my business, as orderly, to intrude at intervals upon the scene on the veranda, to bring Bill such food as he was able to toler-



ate. On the first occasion, after Bill's collapse, that I prepared to take him a cup of tea, Sister stopped me. "Don't forget to take tea, and some bread and butter, to that poor woman. She looks tired. And some milk for the child." "Very good, Sister." I cut bread and butter, and filled an extra mug of tea. "Orderly! What are you doing?" Sister had reappeared. And I was rebuked because I was going to offer Mrs. Bill her tea in a tin mug (the patients all have tin mugs) and had cut her bread and butter too thick. I must cut dainty slices of thin bread and butter, use Sister's own china-ware, and serve the whole spread on a tray with a cloth. All of which was typical of Sister, who from that day treated Bill's wife with true tenderness; and Bill's wife became one of Sister's most enthusiastic adorers. It came to pass, after a week of pitiful anxiety, that the Medical Officer pronounced Bill safe once more. "Bloke says I'm not goin' ter peg art," he told me. I congratulated him, and remarked that his wife would be thankful when he met her, on her arrival, with such splendid news. "I'll 'ave the larf of my Missus," said Bill. "W'en she comes, I shall tell 'er I've some serious noos for 'er, and she's ter send the kid darn on the grarse ter play. Then I'll pull a long fice and hask 'er ter bear up, and say I'm sorry for 'er, and she mustn't tike it too rough, and all that; and she 'as my sympathy in 'er diserpainment: *she ain't ter get 'er widow's pension arter all!*"

I believe that this program was carried through, more or less to the letter. Certain it is that I myself overheard another of Bill's grim pleasantries. He was explaining to Madame that they must apprentice their offspring to the engineering trade. "I wanter mike Lil' Bill a mowter chap, so's 'e can oil the ball-bearings of me fancy leg wot I'm ter

get at Roehampton." The "fancy leg" ended by being the favorite theme of Bill's disgraceful extravaganzas. He would announce to Sister, when she was dressing his stump, that he had been studying means of earning his living in the future, and had decided to become a professor of roller-skating. He would loudly tell his wife that she would never again be able to summon him for assault by kicking—the fancy leg would not give the real one sufficient purchase for an effective kick. And she was not to complain, in future, about his cold feet against her back in bed: there would be only one cold foot, the other would be unhitched and on the floor. And of course there would be endless jokes about what had been done with the amputated leg, whether it had got a tombstone, and so forth: some of the suggestions going a trifle beyond what good taste, in more fastidious coteries, would have thought permissible. But Bill had his own ideas of the humorous, and maybe his own no less definite ideas of dignity. In this latter virtue I counted the fact that, although once or twice, when he was very low, he gave way to a little fretting to me, he never, I am convinced, let fall one querulous word in the presence of his wife. She sat by her husband's side, and when things were at their worst the two said naught. The wife numbly watched her Bill's face, turning now and then to glance at the activities of Little Bill with his engine, or to smile her thanks to the patients who sometimes came and gave the child pickaback rides. When I intruded, I knew I was interrupting the cummyunings of a loving and happily married pair; and the "slangings" of each other which signaled Bill's recovery and his wife's relief did nothing to shake my certitude that, like many slum dwellers, they owned a mutual esteem which

other couples, of superior station, might envy.

Personally I have never known a Cockney patient who did not evoke affection; and, as a matter of curiosity, I have been asking a number of Sisters  
The Spectator.

whether they liked to have Cockneys in their wards. Without a single exception (and let me say that Sisters are both observant and critical), the answers have been enthusiastically in the affirmative.

*Ward Muir.*

## THE CONTROL OF EXPENDITURE.

In any discussion of the control of National Expenditure by the House of Commons one has to divide the subject into two parts, and to keep those parts distinct. There is, first, the effective control of expenditure before it is incurred—that is to say, a control of the policy by which the expenditure is dictated—and, secondly, machinery which will ensure that money will be spent upon the objects for which it is voted, and for none other. If the House of Commons, through a specially constituted permanent committee, is to do the first of these things, we must revise our whole theory of so-called ministerial responsibility; if it is to do the second through the Department of the Comptroller and Auditor-General, the Public Accounts Committee, and any other Select Committee which may be set up for the purpose, we must abandon the war system of "token votes." We must go back to definite detailed estimates such as we had in the distant days of peace.

The debate in the House was instructive, not the least because it showed how completely the House of Commons has lost or abandoned its constitutional rights as the controlling financial authority. Major Godfrey Collins, representing a substantial group of members, who are gravely concerned at the daily piling up of expenses and the wide gaps yawning between rough estimates and rude facts, moved for the appointment of a committee of the House, "with power to review all national

expenditure, examine Ministers and officials, and to report to the House." Although Major Collins repudiated Mr. Bonar Law's reading of his motion—that before any money could be spent the committee was to give its sanction—yet the power of control and of review seems to be inherent in the terms of the proposal. A committee which had powers to "review all national expenditure, examine Ministers and other officials, and to report to the House," would stand between the Cabinet which proposed expenditure and the House which sanctioned it, and upon its report the House might be expected to act. If the House did so act, and the Cabinet held that the policy which it desired to carry out was interfered with by the financial revision of the committee, then we should have the resignation of the Cabinet. The committee system suggested by Major Collins and his supporters, is really the French system of Budget committees, which does involve the complete control of policy and of interference with it. It does not follow because Major Collins' proposed committee was inconsistent with the theory of Ministerial responsibility which has grown up with us, that therefore it was bad. On the contrary, it may be quite good and necessary if the House of Commons is to regain any effective control over expenditure and over policy. But one could scarcely expect a Chancellor of the Exchequer who had inherited the English system

to be in any particular hurry to accept the French one, and with it a material curtailment of his own powers.

There was a time when our system of Ministerial responsibility for expenditure—control by the whole Cabinet, under the watchful and jaundiced eye of the Treasury—had in it some reality. Down to the Chancellorship of Mr. Asquith the Treasury did keep a firm hand upon expenditure, and though the yearly Budgets expanded, there was some effective balance held between the claims of the various departments. The Cabinet as a whole, guided by the Treasury, did discharge the functions of a revising Budget committee. But in the spacious days of Mr. Lloyd George the Treasury became one of the greatest of spending departments, and since it asked for so much to run its own projects was gravely handicapped in putting the drag upon other departments' projects. There became a race between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the heads of other spending departments as to who should first get his fingers into the national money-box, and the Chancellor, profiting by the start given by his position, generally won. Mr. Churchill, at the Admiralty, ran Mr. Lloyd George a good second, which, as it turned out, was very fortunate indeed for the country when war broke out. Between 1908 and 1914 Cabinet responsibility for expenditure almost disappeared, and since the war nothing has taken its place. There is now no Cabinet in the old constitutional sense and no Treasury control. The Exchequer and Audit Department is, we are informed, hard at work daily checking current expenditure, but it has no control whatever over it. Each Ministerial department is a law unto itself in its demands for money, and no one knows, not even the Chancellor of the Exchequer, what the expenditure in any year or in any month is going to

be. [Last year the estimates were exceeded by a million pounds a day; this year they may be exceeded by as much, or more. No one can tell, and the manner in which the national finances are being allowed to drift, by a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is too busy with other matters to do anything but borrow and debase the currency by inflation, is a cause of serious anxiety to thoughtful observers.

While Mr. Bonar Law repudiated entirely the implied suggestion that Major Collins' proposed committee should be permitted to review the policy of the Government, which involved expenditure, he agreed that machinery should be set up which would satisfy the country, and the House of Commons, that everything possible was being done to secure economy. He offered the appointment of a Select Committee of the House for two purposes: (1) to consider whether additional control can be obtained and in what way it can best be obtained, as a permanent arrangement, and (2) to go into the departments, examine the methods of expenditure, and to make recommendations either to the House of Commons or to the departments. The suggestion of this Select Committee, he declared, was not one intended to shirk the problem, but was designed to ensure that we did, in practice, get value for the enormous sums which we are spending upon the war. The House accepted this suggestion of the Chancellor, and we may hope that, when the committee gets to work, it will at least give us some idea as to how we stand.

Mr. Bonar Law himself is, we are glad to note, going to devote himself more closely to the work of his most arduous department. Hitherto he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, *de facto* Leader of the House of Commons, and a member of the War

Cabinet. No one man can possibly discharge all these functions. In future he is to be relieved of his duties at the War Cabinet, and keep his mind as free as may be for the financial conduct of the war as distinct from its military conduct. He will remain Leader of the House. We are glad that he is to remain at the Exchequer, for he has that most essential quality in the administrator of a great department, of not doing any work himself which he can possibly get someone else to do. A Chancellor should think while his subordinates toil over details. The Select Committee should, if carefully chosen from the abundant material available, be of great help to him in making suggestions, and in bringing  
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him closely into touch with the methods of the spending departments. Begun as a committee of suggestion, it may end as a permanent committee of review, and almost of control. There is at present no Cabinet; there is a central War Executive, and a great many unrelated heads of departments, but the Prime Minister has suspended the old system of the Responsible Cabinet. Those who grumbled at the old Twenty-three—or whatever was the exact number—are beginning to realize that a disorganized House of 670 members can do nothing except talk, and that a War Executive, whose whole time is taken up with urgent military problems, cannot control anything—least of all finance.

### WET SHIPS.

" . . . And will remain on your patrol till the 8th December."—*Extract from Orders.*

The Northeast Wind came armed  
and shod from the ice-locked  
Baltic shore,

The seas rose up in the track he made  
and the rollers raced before;

He sprang on the Wilhelmshaven  
ships that reeled across the tide—

"Do you cross the sea tonight with  
me?" the cold Northeaster cried.

Along the lines of anchored craft the  
Admiral's answer flashed,

And loud the proud Northeaster  
laughed as the second anchors  
splashed.

"By God! you're right—you German  
men, with a three-day gale to  
blow.

It is better to wait by your harbor  
gate than follow where I go!"

Over the Bight to the open sea the  
great wind sang as he sheered,

"I rule—I rule the Northern waste—I  
speak and the seas are cleared.

You nations all whose harbors ring  
the edge of my Northern sea—

At peace or War, when you hear my  
voice, you shall know no Lord but  
me."

Then into the wind in a cloud of foam  
and sheets of rattling spray,

Head to the bleak and breaking seas  
in dingy black and gray,

Taking it every lurch and roll in tons of  
icy green

Out to her two-year-old patrol came an  
English submarine.

The voice of the wind rose up and  
howled through squalls of driving  
white,

"You'll know my power—you Eng-  
lish craft—before you make the  
Bight.

I rule—I rule this Northern sea, that  
I raise and break to foam.

Whom do you call your Overlord  
that dare me in my home?"

Over the crest of a lifting sea in  
bursting shells of spray,

She showed the flash of her rounded  
side as over to port she lay,

Clanging her answer up the blast that  
made her wireless sing:

*"I serve the Lord of the Seven Seas—Ha!  
Splendor of God—the King!"*

Twenty feet of her bow came out,  
dripping and smooth it sprang,  
Over the valley of green below as her  
stamping engines rang;

Then down she fell till the water rose  
to meet her straining rails,  
Blackwood's Magazine.

*"I serve my King who sends me here  
to meet your winter gales."*

(Rank upon rank the seas swept on  
and broke to let her through,  
While high above her reeling bridge  
their shattered remnants flew.)

*"If you blow the stars from the sky  
tonight, your boast in your teeth  
I'll fling—*

*I am your master—Overlord and—  
Dog of the English King!"*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The publication of "A Feast of Lanterns," in the Wisdom of the East Series (E. P. Dutton & Co.), adds to the debt of gratitude already due to L. Cranmer-Byng and his associates for introducing western readers to some of the finest and most representative products of Oriental literature. The present volume contains translations from twenty or more Chinese poets, ranging from the seventh to the eighteenth century, rendered in musical and flowing English verse. As the translator explains in his Introduction, whoever would translate from the Chinese "must have soaked himself in the traditions of the Chinese masters, their reticence, their power of suggestion, their wonderful color-sense, and, above all, their affinity and identification with their subject." To an unusual degree, Mr. Cranmer-Byng exemplifies the principles which he defines, and it is a practically exhaustless storehouse upon which he draws, for the collected poems of the T'ang dynasty alone number 48,900.

In "The Air Man: His Conquests in Peace and in War" by Francis A. Collins (The Century Co.) American readers have for the first time a clear, compact and intensely interesting ac-

count of the progress which has been made in aviation since the Wright brothers made their first experiments. At a time when the airplane disputes with the submarine the first place in modern machinery of war, and the United States is planning to spend six hundred million dollars in building airplanes and training 100,000 aviators, such a volume as the present is peculiarly welcome, and the chapters relating to air-fighting—most of all, perhaps, that on "The Chivalry of the Air," which describes the remarkable consideration shown by enemy aviators for each other in time of disaster—will be read with eager interest. But the earlier chapters on Learning to Fly, and on the joys of the the aerosportsman and explorer, and the possibilities of aerial transportation are scarcely less absorbing. Forty illustrations from photographs add to the value of the book.

Mary Fisher, whose "Journal of a Recluse" had so notable a success when published anonymously, several years ago, now appears as the author of a novel, "The Treloars." Its scene is laid on the Pacific Coast, and its principal characters are: Richard Treloar, a young newspaper man with ideals which San Francisco editors



find it hard to reconcile with counting-room demands; his sister Margaret, a thoughtful, high-minded, fastidious woman, in his mother's place since he was a child of three; his friend and classmate at Berkeley, Max Geitmann, owner and editor of an anarchistic publication, "The Dawn"; his old playmate, Dolly Parker, a bright, wholesome girl; and his chance acquaintance of five years earlier, at Cherbourg, Nita Normand, deserted by the man who then passed as her husband, and now leading lady in a San Francisco stock company. The interplay of temperaments develops the plot, which the casual reader will find too much impeded by lengthy discussions of modern problems of all sorts. But the discussions are suggestive and stimulating, and to many may prove the most attractive feature of the book. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The hero of "Jerry of the Islands," which the Macmillans bring out by arrangement with Jack London's executors, is a smooth-coated, golden-sorrel Irish terrier, who is sold when six months old to the captain of a trader among the Solomon Islands, and shares the adventures of his master till Van Horn is over-matched in shrewdness by a crafty cannibal chief and pays for a moment's carelessness with his head. Jerry becomes the property of a blind old native whose life is forfeit to a blood-feud, and who trains him to extraordinary keenness of scent and to a vocabulary of barks and growls that gives him an almost human power of reporting the danger seen or smelled. When a shell from the avenging British gun boat buries Nalasu under the ruins of his grass thatch, Jerry escapes, ranges for days in the bush, and at last finds a white master

again in the owner of an American pleasure yacht cruising among the islands. Dog lovers, of course, will be drawn to the story at once. Others will find an unexpected fascination in the sketches of Nalasu, and the old chief, Bashti, which—whether true to life or not—are undeniably clever. It would be hard to rival the chapters describing Jerry's stay among the headhunters, grim though they are.

Of making of clever books about Boston there seems to be no end. Robert Cutler's "Louisburg Square" is full of local color. At 8 Louisburg Square, "that quaint, semi-impregnable corner of the past," lives Mr. Singleton Singleton, once the city's social leader, "who went out when the cotillion went out, for the one thing which he could do supremely well was no longer the thing to do." His god-daughter, and heiress, Rosalind Coppley, a bright, unspoiled creature, is the heroine of the story, and the author generously provides two lovers for her choice—Ben Cary, a capable, energetic, matter-of-fact young lawyer, drawn from his habitual absorption in business by a chance glimpse of Rosalind as she is convoying a bevy of small Italians across the Common, and Eric Rolland, the son of an old flame of Mr. Singleton's, a brilliant Frenchman whose appreciation of the artistic appeals to a side of Rosalind's nature to which Cary is quite oblivious. Social work at Brimmer House, the New Year's Charity Ball, the Bridge and Bible Club—"the idea had come from New York, they were doing it there"—a wedding in Trinity Church, a performance of "Aida," a walk on the Esplanade—such are the episodes along Rosalind's path to decision. The Macmillan Co.